

# THE NAPAN

Vol. XXXVII] No. 20 -JNO. POLLARD, Editor and Publisher.

NAPANEE, ONT.

## Why Not Make House-Cleaning Easy.

by using SILVER DUST WASHING POWDER, 1776 Soap Powder, and Sapolio.

FOR SALE AT

### W. COXALL.

*Highest Qualities, Perfect Fit, Lowest Prices,*

OUR SPRING PROMISE TO ALL CLOTHING AND MEN'S FURNISHINGS BUYERS.

OUR NEW STOCK OF

Men's and Boys Suits, Odd Pants, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes

and all kinds of MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS is in, and it will be a pleasure for you to examine it. Our new stock is beyond comparison with former seasons and it will do you good to take a good look at it. Seeing is free; it won't cost you a cent to look through our stock and see how much you can get for so little money. If we save a customer a dollar he comes again, that is why our average run of customers includes patrons who deal regularly with us, and regular patronage is worth striving for.

Come and look at our new stock, you will find friendship, as we esteem every visit from you a personal favor.

### A. M. VINEBERG.

Cheap Clothier, Dundas St., Henry Block, Napanee.

## Choice Groceries

Fresh new Goods at lowest prices, comprising: Raisins—finest Valencias, Californias, Sultan or Seedless, also stem and seeded in one pound packages.

Blue and Black Basket Desert Raisins. The finest Spanish stock. Currants, cleaned and ready for use.

Figs, nuts, confectionery peels, California apricots, prunes, flavoring extracts and spices.

Snowflake Pastry Flour, made by W. W. Ogilvie the largest miller in Canada. Use this and your Christmas Pastry will not disappoint you. Cream of the West, best Bread Flour, Cheese and Creamery Butter.

### TAYLOR & MORRIS,

### NEW PLANING MILL AND LUMBER YARD.

Now in full operation. All kinds Lumber, Sash, Doors and Blinds. Custom work done on shortest notice. Get our prices before buying. Mr. Embury is prepared to draw plans for parties wanting them.

### Embury & Madole.

FOR SALE.

A hardy, old man for Sale, apply at this office

FOR SALE.

A good, reliable Spring Wagon for sale, apply to Jas. Vine, Napanee.

TENDERS WANTED.

Sealed Tenders will be received until SATURDAY, 7th MAY, 1908, for the rebuilding of No. 1 Methodist Church, either brick or frame, situated at Hayburn. Plans and specifications may be seen at S. Mullett's, Hayburn. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. S. MULLETT, Sec'y.

## Special At LOVERS OF

MOST of our customers will remember last year, introducing Hubbard's famous perfumes. We are much pleased, therefore, to have them to be at our store on

### Thursday, Friday,

### APRIL 28th, 29th

Mr. E. J. AMEY will sell perfumes, and will spruce up your perfumes. The perfumes will be sold at 29c. per package. Come, and bring your perfume bottles. The same regular price, 25c. per package.

### MU

Mr. HODGINS, who is an accomplished pianist, will sell pianos which will be sold at 5c. per copy, regular price 10c. per copy. weeks at the large stores of Toronto, Montréal,

### Don't miss this

## Lace Curtain Specials.

We have just received this week a new shipment of our four special prices in Lace Curtains, viz.—19c.—25c.—\$1.00—\$1.25. Our values in Lace Curtains this year beat the world. If you want Lace Curtains we would like to show them to you.

## Our One Dollar Umbrellas.

Durable covering, fast black color, steel rod, Irish thorn handle. It's a beauty for the price. We doubt if you can buy as good for one-half more.

## Millinery.

Our Millinery department is booming. Sales are almost double what they were last year at this time. Our stock is larger, better assorted, and cheaper than ever. We emphasize particularly our prices in Millinery. You will find the goods better and the prices lower than other stores.

Good, reliable Spring Wagon for sale, apply to Jas. Vine, alone.

**W. SIMPSON, B.A., M.D., C.A.**  
Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians  
Edinburgh.  
Office—Dr. Grant's late residence, Bridge St

**A. LEONARD, M.D., C.P.S.**  
Physician, Surgeon, etc.  
Late House Surgeon of the Kingston General Hospital.  
Office—North side of Dundas Street, between  
N. and Robert Streets, Napanee. 517

**HERRINGTON & WARNER**  
Barristers, etc.  
MONEY TO LOAN AT LOW RATES  
Office—Warner Block, East-st, Napanee. 57

**A. S. ASHLEY,**  
.....DENTIST.....  
40 YEARS EXPERIENCE  
20 YEARS IN NAPANEE.  
Rooms above Mowat's Dry Goods  
Store, Napanee.

**DEROCHE & MADDEN,**  
Barristers,  
Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Con-  
veyancers, Notaries Public, etc.  
Office—Orange block.  
Money to Loan at "lower than the lowest" rates  
H. M. DEROCHÉ, Q. C. 517 J. H. MADDEN

**MORDEN & RUTTAN,**  
Barristers, Solicitors, etc.  
Solicitor for the Merchant's Bank of Canada  
etc., etc.  
Dundas Street, Napanee.  
G. F. RUTTAN.  
Private funds to loan at five per cent.

**THE ROYAL HOTEL.**  
Dundas Street, Napanee.  
**H. HUNTER, Prop.**  
This commodious hotel is centrally situated  
having every convenience for the travelling and  
business public. Large yard and sheds for  
farmers.  
Good table, best of wines liquors, and cigars  
The comfort of guests is made a first con-  
sideration.

**DENTISTS**  
C. D. WARTMAN, L.D.S.  
C. H. WARTMAN, D.D.S.  
Graduates of the Royal College of Dental Sur-  
geons of Ontario, and graduate of Toron-  
to University.  
OFFICE—LEONARD BLOCK.  
Visits made to Tamworth the first Mon-  
day in each month, remaining over Tuesday.  
Rooms at Wheeler's Hotel.  
All other Mondays C. D. Wartman will be in  
Napanea office open every day.

**JAS. AYLESWORTH,**  
General Business Agent.  
**POLICE MAGISTRATE** for the Provincial  
Electoral District of Addington.  
Conveyancer,  
Issuer of Marriage Licenses,  
Commissioner, etc., in H.C.]  
Clerk, 7th Division Court, of the  
County of Lennox & Addington  
TAMWORTH.

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS.**  
In the matter of the estate of David Hughes,  
late of the Township of Abing r, in the  
County of Lennox and Addington, farmer,  
deceased.  
Notice is hereby given pursuant to the Re-  
vised Statutes of Ontario, 1897, Chapter 129,  
Section 38, that all persons having claims  
against the estate of David Hughes, late of the  
County of Lennox and Addington, farmer,  
deceased, who died on or about the  
Fifteenth day of January, A. D. 1898, are re-  
quired to send by post prepaid or to deliver  
to Messrs. Deroche & Madden, of the town of  
Napanee, in the County of Lennox and Addington,  
Solicitors for Paul Stein, Robert Jackson,  
and Samuel Buffam, Executors of the last Will  
and Testament of the said David Hughes,  
deceased, on or before the TWENTIETH DAY  
OF MAY, 1898, their names and addresses and  
a full statement of the particulars of their claims  
and the nature of the security (if any) held by them  
verified by affidavit. And that after the said  
20th day of May, 1898, the Executors will proceed to  
distribute the assets of the said David Hughes,  
deceased, among the parties entitled thereto, having  
regard only to the claims of which notice has  
been given as above required. And the said  
Executors will not be liable for the said assets  
or any part thereof to any person or persons of  
whose claim notice shall not have been duly  
verified by the said Executors at the time of such distribution.

**DEROCHE & MADDEN,**  
Solicitors for the said Executors, Paul Stein,  
Robert Jackson & Samuel Buffam.  
Dated this 9th day of April, 1898.

lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.  
S. MULLETT, Sec'y.  
Hayburn, 27th April, 1898.  
**TO THE JURYMEN!**  
TAKE NOTICE THAT AT THE  
**TEMPERANCE HOTEL!**  
you will find Board and Lodging strictly first-  
class at prices that can't be touched anywhere  
in town. Don't fail to come and try us before  
engaging elsewhere as we are prepared to do  
after the comforts of all that may come  
between Telephone Office and Merchants  
Bank.  
E. WILLIAMS.

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS.**  
IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF JAMES KIL-  
LORIN, OF THE TOWNSHIP OF SHEFFIELD, IN  
THE COUNTY OF LENNOX AND ADDINGTON,  
YEOMAN, DECEASED.  
Notice is hereby given pursuant to the Re-  
vised Statutes of Ontario, 1897, Chapter 129,  
Section 38, that all persons having claims against  
the estate of James Killorin, late of the  
Township of Sheffield, in the County of Lennox  
and Addington, Yeoman, deceased, who died on  
or about the 13th day of March, A. D. 1898, are  
required to send by post prepaid or to deliver  
to Messrs. Deroche & Madden, of the Town of  
Napanee, in the County of Lennox and Addington,  
Solicitors for Thomas Killorin, Annie Killorin,  
and Margaret Killorin, Executors of the last  
Will and Testament and Co. of the said  
James Killorin, deceased, on or before the  
26th DAY OF APRIL, A. D. 1898, their names  
and addresses and descriptions and a full state-  
ment of the particulars of their claims and the  
nature of the security (if any) held by them,  
verified by affidavit. And that after the said  
26th day of April, A. D. 1898, the Executors will  
proceed to distribute the assets of the said James  
Killorin, deceased, among the parties entitled  
thereto, having regard only to the claims of  
which notice has been given as above required.  
And the said Executors will not be liable for the  
said assets or any part thereof to any person  
or persons of whose claim notice shall not have  
been received, duly verified, by the said Execu-  
tors at the time of such distribution.

**DEROCHE & MADDEN,**  
Solicitors for the said Executors of James  
Killorin, Deceased.

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS.**  
In the matter of the estate of Charles  
Wienecke, late of the Township of Denbigh, in  
the County of Lennox and Addington, Yeoman,  
deceased.  
Notice is hereby given pursuant to the Re-  
vised Statutes of Ontario, 1897, Chapter 129,  
Section 38, that all persons having claims  
against the estate of Charles Wienecke, late of  
the Township of Denbigh, in the County of  
Lennox and Addington, Yeoman, deceased, who  
died on or about the 6th day of January, A. D.  
1898, are required to send by post prepaid or to  
deliver to Messrs. Deroche & Madden, of the  
Town of Napanee, in the County of Lennox and  
Addington, Solicitors for Paul Stein, Adminis-  
trator of the personal estate of the said  
Charles Wienecke, deceased, on or before the  
24th DAY OF MAY, A. D. 1898, their names and  
addresses and descriptions and a full statement  
of the particulars of their claims and the nature  
of the security (if any) held by them verified by  
affidavit. And after the said 24th day of May,  
1898, the administrator will proceed to distribute  
the personal estate of the said Charles Wienecke,  
deceased, among the parties entitled thereto,  
having regard only to the claims of which  
notice has been given as above required and the  
said Administrator will not be liable for the  
said personal property or any part thereof to  
any person or persons of whose claim notice  
shall not have been received duly verified, by  
the said Administrator at the time of such dis-  
tribution.

**DEROCHE & MADDEN,**  
Solicitors for the said Administrator, Paul Stein.  
Dated this 21st day of April, A. D. 1898.

**NOTICE.**  
County of Addington  
Lennox and Addington  
To Wit:  
Public Notice is hereby given that the  
**COURT OF ASSIZE**  
Nisi Prius, Oyer and Terminer and general  
gaol delivery for the County of Lennox and  
Addington, will be held at the  
**COURT HOUSE,**  
IN THE TOWN OF NAPANEE  
ON  
**MONDAY, APRIL 25th**  
A. D. 1898,  
at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon  
of which all Coroners, Justices of the Peace  
Constables and other persons are required  
to be in attendance and govern themselves accordingly.  
GEO. D. FAULTY, Sec'y.  
Shelley's Office, Napanee, April 24th, 1898.

The prices lower than other stores.

# THE ROB



**1898**

**W. J. NORMILE, AGENT, NAPANEE.**  
Repair Shop and Bicycle Livery.

## Apt Quotation.

There is sometimes more wit in the  
application to the business in hand of  
words already chosen for another pur-  
pose than in the invention of an appro-  
priate phrase. Bishop Whipple, accord-  
ing to The Church News, loved to tell  
this story:  
A devout colored preacher, whose  
heart was aglow with missionary zeal,  
gave notice to his congregation that in  
the evening an offertory would be taken  
for missions and asked for liberal gifts.  
A selfish, well to do man in his congre-  
gation said to him before the service:  
"Yer gwine to kill dis church of yer  
goes on saying give, give. No church  
can stan it. Yer gwine to kill it."  
After the sermon the colored minister  
said to the people:  
"Brother Jones told me I was gwine  
to kill dis here church of I kep' a-askin  
yer to give, but, my brethren, churches  
doesn't dis dat way. Ef anybody know  
a church dat died 'cause it's be-  
gin' too much to do Lord, I'll be ve-  
much obliged if my brother will tell  
whar dat church is for I'm gwine  
visit it, and I'll climb on de walls  
dis church, under de light of de mo-  
on and cry, Blessed am de dead dat die  
de Lord."

## FIGURES OF SPEECH.

While aunty was reading a story one night,  
To good little Oliver's smiling delight,  
She came upon something remarkably queer  
That good little Oliver wondered to hear.  
And this was the something she placidly read:  
"Jane Ann then determined to enter the shed,  
And, cautiously dropping her eyes on the floor,  
They fell on the snake which had caught them  
before."  
Interruption was rude, the dear child had been  
taught,  
So he said not a word, but he thought, and he  
thought,  
And the longer he pondered the stranger it  
grew—  
The thing that Jane Ann was reported to do.  
He felt of his eyes with mysterious doubt  
And wondered how she could have taken here  
out—  
And how—this was really what puzzled him  
more—  
They could fall on a thing which had caught  
them before.  
—Mary E. Bradley in St. Nicholas.  
The honeydew is that part of married  
life when the bride spends her time in try-  
ing to find out what her husband likes to  
eat, and he spends his time in trying to  
eat it after she has cooked it.  
The ten harvest begins in China on  
April 1. Later in the month there are two  
other harvests which yield inferior grain.

T. CANADA—FRIDAY, APRIL 22nd 1898.

\$1 per Year in advance; \$1.50 if not so paid.

## Attraction FOR FINE MUSIC.

er Messrs. AMEY & HODGINS, who were here last  
nous American Perfumes and Sachet Powders.  
e, to say that we have made arrangements with

ay, and Saturday,  
29th, and 30th.

spray (free) anyone so desiring with their favorite  
be. per oz, the regular price being 75c. Ladies,  
sachet powder will be sold at 10c. per package,

MUSIC  
nist, will play selections from the latest music,  
rices 25c. to 50c. These gentlemen have spent  
eal, and Quebec.

Musical Treat!

### Special Oxford Shirtings At 10c.

The more people use this line the better convinced  
they are of its special value. You can't buy as  
good elsewhere for less than 12½c. The colors are  
perfectly fast.

### Ladies' Belts.

We are this season showing a very large range in  
Ladies' Belts, from 10c. up. We have just received  
a special jewelled belt, very new style, at 50c. each.

### Black Brilliantines

At 25c. and 50c.

Black Brilliantines are very serviceable for summer  
skirts. Ours special lines at 25c. and 50c. per yard  
have already been sold out, and we have this week  
received a new supply.

## LUMBER.

If you are in need of Lumber of any kind, call and inspect our  
stock and get prices.  
Rough Lumber \$6 00 and \$8.00 per M.  
Dressed Lumber of all kinds always in stock, also Doors, Sash,  
Mouldings, &c.  
Lath, Shingles, Portland Cement, Land Plaster, Pressed Brick, Mill  
Wood, and Cordwood. Your patronage Solicited.

## The Rathbun Company.

R. SHIPMAN, Agent.

### NEWS FROM THE COUNTRY.

To Correspondents.—Persons sending in  
items from the surrounding district must  
sign their names to correspondence as a  
sign of good faith, not for publication.  
Any correspondence received without the  
name attached will not be published.

#### NAPANEE MILLS.

A sad death occurred here on Sunday  
morning. A young man, Patrick Ellis by  
name, employed at the cement works, con-  
tracted a cold a week ago which soon devel-  
oped into pneumonia. A nurse from  
Kingston Hospital was in attendance, also  
the best medical skill. Notwithstanding  
all this care he breathed his last Sunday  
morning, one week from the day he was  
taken ill. The funeral took place Monday  
at Centreville Roman Catholic Church.

Miss Ida Davy, has purchased a bicycle.  
A large number have invested in new  
wheels.

Miss Lizzie Beck gave a birthday party  
Monday evening; the young people enjoyed  
themselves very much. The presents were  
very handsome. Mrs. Stafford, Deseronto,  
is visiting in this vicinity.

Mrs. Lawrence is at Mrs. Danlaps.  
It is almost impossible to get a house to  
rent in Napanee Mills or Newburgh. Some  
enterprising person should build in those  
villages; they would realize good interest  
for their money.

Catch Cold. It's an easy thing to do,  
but it's just as easy to get cured if you take  
Nerway Hot Syrup. Cask only 25c. at all  
drug-stores.

#### COLEBROOK

Mr. Byron Wagar and wife, of Wat-  
town, N. Y., have been running trap-  
lines in this vicinity.

Mr. Norman Boyce has gone to Wat-  
town.

Mrs. C. T. Key spent Monday and Tues-  
day in Napanee.

The song service in the Methodist  
on Easter Sunday was well attended. It  
was a most interesting and profitable  
manner in which they rendered their devo-  
tion.

While engaged in taking the storm win-  
dows of his house on Tuesday last, Milton  
Huffman had the misfortune to let one of  
the sashes slip, thereby breaking the glass,  
a piece of which inflicted an ugly wound on  
his left cheek.

A very pleasant time was spent by the  
club on Wednesday evening last, at the  
parsonage.

Mr. Edgar Church has engaged for the  
summer with Mr. F. S. Warman, pump-  
maker.

W. C. Shangraw, of Napanee, spent  
Easter week with his parents.

Messrs. J. G. Gordon, N. C. L., P. D.  
Shangraw, H. Huffman, Miss F. A. Wood,  
N. H. S., Mr. P. S. Anderson, Belleville,  
spent Easter here.  
Miss Stella Garrison, Paterson, is visiting  
friends here.  
Mr. N. Walker, Mrs. Alva Lee and Mr.  
Wm. Kinney are on the sick list.  
A Toronto Tobacconist, Mr. J. Bretz,  
per church, set Toronto to the ground and  
could not get a fresh supply. He had  
internally a action of the heart was such  
that he was losing flesh and blood and  
Mildred Heart and Nerve Pills completely  
cured him.

FREDERICKSBURG

IT'S so pleasant to take that children  
cry for it, but it's death to worms of all  
kinds. DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP.  
Price 25c. All dealers.

#### Easily Enough.

Here is a Sioux City (Ia.) Sunday  
school story:

They were studying in the catechism  
about the wonderful greatness and pow-  
er of God. "Can God do everything?"  
asked the teacher. It was generally ad-  
mitted that he could. Then the teacher  
rather mischievously propounded a stick-  
ler perhaps as a test of faith. "Could  
God make two and two equal five?" he  
asked. The query rather startled the  
little girls in the class, and their faces  
took on a worried, puzzled expression.  
They had never thought of such a thing  
as that, and it looked as if their faith  
was wavering. The teacher waited with  
a rather amused smile on his face. Then  
up shot a little hand. "Well," asked  
the teacher, "what do you think about  
it?" "Yes, sir, he can," was the prompt  
and certain response. Now it was the  
teacher's turn to look surprised. "Well,  
how can God make two and two equal  
five?" "By adding one," was the tri-  
umphant answer, and the mischievous  
teacher couldn't dispute it.—Sioux City  
Journal.

#### How Senator Vest Obtained His Desk.

Many good stories could be told of  
the alertness which Senators display in  
securing well placed desks, but the ex-  
perience of Mr. Vest is especially worth  
relating. When in 1883 the civil service  
law was being discussed, Mr. Pendle-  
ton, an Ohio Democrat, and Mr. Dawes  
had presented bills. By a shrewd bit of  
politics the Republicans abandoned their  
support of the Dawes bill and voted for  
Mr. Pendleton's measure, their votes,  
together with the votes of the Demo-  
crats favorable to the measure, being  
sufficient to pass it. As the bill was  
about to be voted on Mr. Cockrell moved  
that its title be changed so as to  
read, "A bill to retain Republicans in  
office." As soon as it passed, Mr. Vest  
filed a claim for Mr. Pendleton's seat.  
"The author of such a bill," said he,  
"will never come back to the senate."

Mr. Vest was right, and at the begin-  
ning of the next Congress he moved into  
Mr. Pendleton's vacant chair.—Wash-  
ington Post.

#### Liverpool and the Slave Trade.

The great wealth of the merchants of  
London and Bristol enabled them to en-  
joy a virtual monopoly of the African slave  
trade for a long period prior to Liverpool  
being established in 1703. Liverpool, how-  
ever, was not a mercantile port, and it was  
not until the late eighteenth century that  
it began to rival the other two ports. At  
that time the African trade was not so  
important as it had been, and they  
began to look for other sources of wealth.  
The result of this was that the slave  
trade was abandoned, and the merchants  
turned to other sources of wealth. The  
terrible dangers unknown to any other description  
of trading adventures. Early in the eight-  
eenth century, however, the slave trade was  
abandoned.



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\$1 per Year in advance; \$1.50 if not so paid.

## Attraction FOR FINE MUSIC.

er Messrs. AMEY & HODGINS, who were here last  
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e, to say that we have made arrangements with

ay, and Saturday,  
29th, and 30th.

spray (free) anyone so desiring with their favorite  
c. per oz, the regular price being 75c. Ladies,  
sachet powder will be sold at 10c. per package,

### MUSIC

ist, will play selections from the latest music,  
rices 25c. to 50c. These gentlemen have spent  
eal, and Quebec.

Musical Treat!

### Special Oxford Shirtings At 10c.

The more people use this line the better convinced  
they are of its special value. You can't buy as  
good elsewhere for less than 12½c. The colors are  
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## LUMBER.

If you are in need of Lumber of any kind, call and inspect our  
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Rough Lumber \$6.00 and \$8.00 per M.

Dressed Lumber of all kinds always in stock, also Doors, Sash,  
Mouldings, &c.

Lath, Shingles. Portland Cement, Land Plaster, Pressed Brick, Mill  
Wood, and Cordwood. Your patronage Solicited.

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Kingston Hospital was in attendance, also  
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taken ill. The funeral took place Monday  
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Miss Ida Davy, has purchased a bicycle.  
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Mrs. Lawrence is at Mrs. Dunlap's.  
It is almost impossible to get a house to  
rent in Napanee Mills or Newburgh. Some  
enterprising person should build in those  
villages; they would realize good interest  
for their money.

Catch Cold. It's an easy thing to do,  
but it's just as easy to get cured if you take  
Norway Pine Syrup. Costs only 2 c. at all  
drug stores.

#### COLEBROOK

Mr. Byron Wagar and wife, of Water-  
town, N. Y., have been renewing acquaint-  
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Mr. Norman Boyce has gone to Water-  
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East: C. Shangraw, of Napanee; spent  
winter week with his parents.  
Messrs. J. G. Gordon, N. C. L., E. D.  
Shangraw, H. Huffman, Miss F. A. Ward,  
N. H. S., Mr. P. S. Anderson, Belleville,  
spent Easter here.

Miss Stella Garrison, Petworth, is visiting  
friends here.

Mr. N. Walker, Mrs. Alva Lee and Mr.  
Wm. Kinkley are on the sick list.

A Toronto Tobacconist, Mr. J. Bretz,  
101 Church Street, Toronto, the popular toba-  
conist, says he was troubled with weak and  
intermittent action of the heart, was sleepless,  
nervous and losing flesh. Three boxes of  
Millard's Heart and Nerve Pills completely  
cured him.

FREDERICKSBURGH

IT'S so pleasant to take that children  
cry for it; but it's death to worms of all  
kinds. DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP.  
Price 25c. All dealers.

#### Easily Enough.

Here is a Sioux City (Ia.) Sunday  
school story:

They were studying in the catechism  
about the wonderful greatness and pow-  
er of God. "Can God do everything?"  
asked the teacher. It was generally ad-  
mitted that he could. Then the teacher  
rather mischievously propounded a stick-  
ler perhaps as a test of faith. "Could  
God make two and two equal five?" he  
asked. The query rather startled the  
little girls in the class, and their faces  
took on a worried, puzzled expression.  
They had never thought of such a thing  
as that, and it looked as if their faith  
was wavering. The teacher waited with  
a rather amused smile on his face. Then  
up shot a little hand. "Well," asked  
the teacher, "what do you think about  
it?" "Yes, sir, he can," was the prompt  
and certain response. Now it was the  
teacher's turn to look surprised. "Well,  
how can God make two and two equal  
five?" "By adding one," was the tri-  
umphant answer, and the mischievous  
teacher couldn't dispute it.—Sioux City  
Journal.

#### How Senator Vest Obtained His Desk.

Many good stories could be told of  
the alertness which senators display in  
securing well placed desks, but the ex-  
perience of Mr. Vest is especially worth  
relating. When in 1888 the civil service  
law was being discussed, Mr. Pendle-  
ton, an Ohio Democrat, and Mr. Dawes  
had presented bills. By a shrewd bit of  
politics the Republicans abandoned their  
support of the Dawes bill and voted for  
Mr. Pendleton's measure, their votes,  
together with the votes of the Demo-  
crats favorable to the measure, being  
sufficient to pass it. As the bill was  
about to be voted on Mr. Cockrell moved  
that its title be changed so as to  
read, "A bill to retain Republicans in  
office." As soon as it passed, Mr. Vest  
filed a claim for Mr. Pendleton's seat.  
"The author of such a bill," said he,  
"will never come back to the senate."

Mr. Vest was right, and at the begin-  
ning of the next congress he moved into  
Mr. Pendleton's vacant chair.—Wash-  
ington Post.

#### Liverpool and the slave Trade.

The great wealth of the merchants of  
London and Bristol enabled them to enjoy  
a practical monopoly of the African slave  
trade for a long period prior to Liverpool  
having any share in it. Liverpool adven-  
turers with a small capital were unable to  
equip vessels and purchase goods specially  
adapted to the African market and of no  
use outside of that market, nor could they  
afford to await the uncertain results of  
round voyages, sometimes prolonged to  
more than a year and subject to terrible  
dangers unknown to any other description  
of trading adventures. Early in the eight-



received a new supply.

# BINSON CO.

## COAL

\$4.50 to \$5.50.

For your winter's supply of Coal go to

## DAFOE'S

—AT THE—

## 'BIG MILL'

and choose from the best stock of Hard Coal offered in Nanapan. and at prices to suit the times.

\$4.50 to \$5.50 per Ton.

I have nothing to say about other people's Coal but will guarantee my own to be equal to any Coal sold in Canada, and mined in the Scranton District. Call at the office and see samples and get prices before purchasing. We give value for your money and 2000 pounds for a ton.

J. R. DAFOE.

### No Quarter.

"You couldn't call a quarter off sale a slaughter, could you?"

"Why not?"

"Well, in a slaughter they give no quarter."—Chicago Journal.

### Welcome Words.

"Yes, his sermons are tiresomely long, but he always says something to the point."

"Well, what did he say to the point last Sunday?"

"In conclusion."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The name California, derived from the two Spanish words caliente fornalli—i. e., "hot furnace"—was given by Cortes in the year 1535 to the peninsula now known as Lower California, of which he was the discoverer. on account of its hot climate.

## A RELIABLE OFFER.

HONEST HELP FREE TO MEN.

The Nanapan Express is authorized to state by Mr. D. Graham, Box 133, Hagersville, Ont., that any man who is nervous or debilitated or who is suffering from any of the various troubles resulting from overwork, excesses, or abuse, such as nervous debility, exhausted vitality, lost vigor, unnatural drains, and losses, lack of development, etc., can write to him in strict confidence and receive free of charge full instructions how to be thoroughly cured.

Mr. Graham himself was for a long time a sufferer from above troubles and after trying in vain many advertised remedies, electric belts, etc., became almost entirely discouraged and hopeless. Finally he confided in an old clergyman, whose kind and honest advice enabled him to speedily obtain a perfect and permanent cure. Knowing to his own sorrow, that so many poor sufferers are being imposed upon by unscrupulous quacks, Mr. Graham considers it his duty as an honest man and a firm believer in Christian sympathy and kindness, to give his fellow-men the benefit of his experience and assist them to a cure. Having nothing to sell, he asks for no money, the proud satisfaction of having done a great service to one in need, he rightly considers an ample reward for his trouble. If you write to Mr. Graham you can rely upon being cured and upon absolute honesty as well.

Address as above, enclosing a stamp, and when to the Nanapan Express. No attention, however, will be paid to those writing out of mere curiosity, therefore state that you really need a cure.

Spring Housecleaning. While people are particular about having their house cleaned of the winter's accumulation of dirt, they are not always so particular about their system. It needs cleaning too, and there's nothing will do it so thoroughly and effectually as Burdock Blood Bitters. Alex. Miller, Ardach, Ont., says:—"I have taken B.B.B. every spring for some years and as a blood purifier it is unequalled."

### How It Happened.

"Look here, young man," said the druggist.

The clerk did not have to be told that he had made a mistake. He knew it long before. Indeed he had figured it out for himself and was able to tell just how it happened.

"You have charged only 75 cents for this prescription," asserted the druggist, "and the regular price is \$1."

"I admit it," said the clerk. "The fact is I was rattled. You see, I made a hasty calculation as to the cost of the ingredients, and the result was 3 cents instead of 4 as it should have been. That is how it happened."—Chicago

### His Beginning.

The wild young man decides to settle down and become serious. To begin his reform he has counted up his debts and found the total 145,017 francs 35 centimes.

"What are you going to do about it?" asked his friend.

"Pay the 17 francs and 85 centimes at once and make arrangements for the rest."—Gaulois.

### It's the New Broom That Sweeps Clean.

The one thing in which we don't value experience is a broom.—Boston Transcript.

The general impression is that the Bicycles handled by Boyle and Son this season are 'THE WHEELS,' and good wheelmen like Myers and others know.

### Paris as a Financial Center.

That Paris is and has for two centuries been by far the greatest intellectual center in the world is, of course, true, but she is a great money center also. She has the power of the purse. She contains the ministry of finance and the Bank of France, and she consequently wields a supreme power in France quite apart from the fact that she is the greatest artistic and literary center in the world, and that politically she often stands out as the representative of all France, as she did in 1793, in 1830, in 1848 and in 1870. Take from Paris the power of the purse, transfer the Bank of France and the haute finance to Lyons or Toulouse, and we should find (if the transference could be made permanent) that Paris had declined greatly in the esteem of France and of the world.

While Paris is a grade below London in its power as a financial center, Berlin is perhaps a grade below Paris, not because it is not a very influential center of finance, but because it shares that position with Frankfurt, which still, though no longer a capital, maintains its old reputation, and will probably continue to do so.—London Spectator.

### DEATH'S COLD SWEAT.

Stood out in Great Beads upon His Face—A Victim of Heart Disease Snatched from the Grave by the Prompt Use of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—Relief in all Cases in 30 Minutes.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart positively gives relief within 30 minutes after the first dose is taken. James J. Whitney, of Williamsport, Pa., says:—"Cold Sweat would stand out on great beads upon my face, and I feared I was going to die. I had some, but relief was found in Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. After using it for a short time I feel now that the trouble is altogether removed." Its effects are magical.

### FREDERICKSBURG.

Seeding is well under way and by the close of the week this most important work will be completed. Low lands are in unusually fine condition and will be put in this year weeks in advance of previous seasons. The fine condition of the land and dry weather are the material factors in bringing about this desirable state of affairs.

Union factory opened up to-day with Mr. Sexsmith as cheesemaker. A lot of new fixtures for the interior are being put in this spring. Little Creek factory also commenced to-day with Mr. Shesey as cheesemaker.

Mr. and Mrs. O. V. Bartels, Kingston, wheeled up Saturday evening and spent Sunday with friends here.

Mrs. A. W. R. Smith spent a few days with Mrs. S. K. Bailey, Kingston, last week.

Mrs. A. Lucas, Belleville, visiting at home the last few days, returned on Monday.

The next regular quarterly service will be held at the Lutheran church three weeks from Sunday.

W. B. Perry, principal of Mcow public school, returned on Saturday after spending Easter holidays at home.

Edward Hunt returned last week after spending the winter with his brother, W. P. Hunt, Chicago.

Five years ago there were 467 acres of fall wheat in North Fredericksburg; this year the average is reduced to twenty eight and one-half acres.

Abscess Was Lanced.—"I had an abscess on one of my hips. It was lanced and never healed. Hospital treatment failed. The next winter I had three abscesses. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon found it was helping me. When I had taken six bottles I was cured." Mrs. FRANKLIN H. TEED, Freeport, Nova Scotia.

### FIRE HORSES.

The Quickest Ones in the World Are Said to Be in Kansas City.

F. S. Dellenbaugh writes of "The Quick Horse" in St. Nicholas, his article telling of the training of horses for the fire department. Mr. Dellenbaugh says:

The quickest horses in the world were at one time in Kansas City at the headquarters of its fire department, directly under the office of the chief, Mr. George C. Hale. To Mr. Hale's genius more than to any other factor the quick horse owed his first development, for Mr. Hale is the inventor of the earliest swinging harness which made the quick horse possible. When Mr. Henry M. Stanley and his wife were in this country, they witnessed an exhibition drill of the Kansas City fire department. The drill so impressed the visitors that an account of it was published in a London journal, and this English article brought an invitation to Mr. Hale to visit England as the representative of the American fire service at the international fire tournament. Mr. Hale and a picked corps went to England, taking with them the remarkably quick horses Joe and Dan, and they became world famous. As the quickest harnessing time of the London fire brigade is 1 minute 17½ seconds and the Kansas City horses were harnessed in 1¼ seconds and were out of the engine house in less than 8 seconds, there could be no competition. In Kansas City four fine bays were harnessed to the hook and ladder truck almost as quickly as even Joe and Dan could jump into their harnesses. It was a pretty sight to see these four well kept horses spring to their places at the stroke of the gong and in two or three seconds stand ready to run with the apparatus. Joe was killed by an accident, but Dan, with a new mate, is still in service, and as quick as ever.

The record for quickest time from the engine house to the throwing of water on the fire is held by a Kansas City company. In this instance the horses were harnessed, a run of 2,194 feet (a little less than half a mile) was made, and water thrown from the hose in the wonderfully brief time of 1 minute 81½ seconds.

Who Built the Pyramids?—Hard to tell in some instances. But we know who are the great Nerve Builders. They are Scott & Bowen. Their Scott's Emulsion feeds and strengthens brain and nerves.

more than a year and subject to terrible dangers unknown to any other description of trading adventures. Early in the eighteenth century, however, a successful rivalry with Bristol in exporting provisions and coarse checks and silk handkerchiefs of Manchester make to the West Indies and the continent of America eventually enabled the merchants of Liverpool to participate in the more lucrative slave traffic.

While Liverpool obtained from this competition a sudden accession to her commerce which filled her warehouses with sugar, rum and other West India produce, the trade of Bristol to the West Indies declined. The checks of Manchester, carried in Liverpool ships, ousted from that market the German, French and Scotch osenburghs exported from Bristol.—History of the Liverpool Privateers, Etc., Gomer Williams.

INSTANT RELIEF guaranteed by using MILBURN'S STERLING HEAD-ACHE POWDERS. No depressing after-effect.

## This Time in Quyon.

Hundreds in the Town can Vouch for the Truthfulness of the Story.

Mrs. Rass is Cured by the the Great Spring Medicine. PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND.

She Suffered For Long Years From Frightful Neuralgia.

She Says:

"No Tongue Can Describe the Agonies I Suffered.

Paine's Celery Compound The Great Medical Prescription for Neuralgia, Sciatica and Rheumatism.

Beware of Imitations:

PAINE'S IS THE KIND THAT CURES.

The quiet little town of Quyon, situated on the Ottawa river, has furnished many a strong and convincing testimonial for earth's most popular medicine. Paine's Celery Compound. One of the latest letters received is from Mrs. David Rass, a lady well-known and highly esteemed; she writes as follows:

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., DEAR SIR:—I have much pleasure in testifying to the worth of your life-saving medicine, Paine's Celery Compound. I was a victim of neuralgia in its worst form for many years, and no tongue can describe the agonies I suffered. A friend recommended your Compound to me, and after using two bottles I am completely cured. I cheerfully recommend Paine's Celery Compound to the world, especially to all who suffer the agonizing tortures of neuralgia.

Yours very truly,  
MRS. DAVID RASS, QUYON, P.Q.

# A Chance in Clothing

**350 Men's, Boys and Youth's Suits to select from.**

It is really surprising how thoroughly we have anticipated their Clothing needs and every bit of it reasonably priced.

**Boy's 2 Pieced Suits from \$1.50 to \$4.50**

**Youth's 3 Piece Suits from \$3 to \$7**

**Men's Suits from \$4.00 to \$12.00**

Without a doubt we are showing the largest and most complete stock of Men's, Boy's and Youth's Ready-to-Wear Clothing ever shown in Napanee.

An inspection of our extensive stock will repay intending purchasers.

## J. J. KERR

Dundas Street, Napanee.

### Nursery Stock Agents! Book Agents! Agricultural Implement Agents!

Or anyone desiring to better their position and increase their income should write us. The demand for home-grown Nursery Stock is on the increase. We need more men. If you want steady, paying work, write us.

We furnish all supplies free.

We have the largest Nurseries in the Dominion.

We pay both salary and commission.

We engage either whole or part time men.

We guarantee all our stock.

We furnish purchasers with certificate from Government Inspector, stating our Stock is free from San Jose Scale.

Our Nurseries comprise over 700 acres, and growing stock in large quantity enables us to sell at the closest possible figure.

**Men succeed with us who have failed with others**

It will cost you nothing to learn what we do for you.

Don't write unless you mean business and want profitable employment.

**Stone & Wellington,  
TORONTO.**

### FARMERS ATTENTION.

Insure your property in the Lennox and Addington Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

Because it is a Home Company.

Because it is a Safe Company.

Because it is the cheapest and best.

Because it affords the most liberal policies to Farmers.

Because it insures only (isolated) non-hazardous risks, as farm property, county churches, halls and school houses.

Because it is the Farmer's Company managed by Farmers in the interest of farmers of the Counties of Lennox and Addington, Hastings, Frontenac, Lanark and Leeds.

Officers—A. C. Parks, President; B. C. Lloyd, Vice-President. Directors—J. B. Aylesworth, U. C. Sills, W. R. Longmore, L. P. Aylesworth, Honorary Directors—Jas. Reid, M.F.P., A. V. Price, Camden, C. R. Allison, Wm. Chesters, Fredericksburgh, D. W. Allison ex-M.P., Adolphustown; F. B. Guesse, Col. Geo. Hunter.

Adolphustown; F. B. Guesse, Col. Geo. Hunter.

If the Yankees secure control of Cuba they will have a bee in their bonnet to be sure.

It looks now as if the Plebiscite on prohibition will be a straight yes or no vote. Before the matter is submitted to the electorate the question will be pretty well threshed out, and everyone made conversant with what prohibition will entail.

THE Montreal Witness suggests that the Tory Government of British Columbia build a railway into the Yukon over "the Mann-Mackenzie route." British Columbia has land aplenty and would not miss a million acres, which the Opposition say the road can be built for.

SEVERAL members of the House of Commons had recourse to ginger ale and sandwiches at an early hour on Saturday morning while Nicholas Flood Davin was regaling the House with Lake Superior French. We are glad it was no worse. That man Davin is enough to drive the secretary of the Dominion alliance to drink.

FARMING, a leading agricultural journal, points out that the reduction of the interests allowed on deposits in the Government Savings Bank to two and a half per cent should meet with favor among the agricultural classes. This announcement means cheaper money to those who are carrying on the business of the country. It points out that agriculture has been hampered very much during recent years because of the want of cheap money. "There are many farms to-day" it avers, "groaning under heavy mortgages just because the owners could not get money to purchase stock when required, or to carry on the farming operations in the

## GAINED 39 POUNDS.

THE EXPERIENCE OF MISS  
FLORA FERGUSON OF  
SYDNEY, N. S.

For Five Years She Was an Almost Helpless Invalid—Used Many Medicines Without Benefit—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restore Her Health.

From the Sydney, N. S., Reporter.

Many of our Cape Breton readers, especially those residing in Sydney and vicinity, will remember the subject of this article, and also knew Miss Ferguson when residing at her home on Hardwood Hill, just on the borders of the town. From 1890 to 1895 sickness preyed upon Miss Ferguson, and from a bright and healthy girl she became an invalid, completely given up to weakness and despondency. In the spring of 1895 she left her home and went to the States, where she has a sister and other friends, thinking that a change of climate might benefit her. While there she was attended by medical men, but without any improvement, in fact she gradually grew worse, until she used to spend the greater part of every day on the lounge at her sister's. Friends came to see her, only to go away with the sympathetic remark, "Poor Flora, she is not long for this world. From the beginning of her sickness up to the time when the first box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was taken, she had tried upwards of twenty different kinds of medicine—some from doctors and some of the many patent drugs for sale at druggists. Hearing from a friend of the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Miss Ferguson resolved to give them a trial, and requested her sister to get her a box. Following the directions carefully, she began taking them. As day by day went by she began to get better and her spirits to return, and in the course of a few weeks she walked a mile to the post office and home again. Miss Ferguson continued taking the pills until she had used eight boxes, when she was completely restored to health and happiness. She was again strong, and healthy. While ill she had greatly run down in weight and at the time she began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, was reduced to 102 pounds, and when she had completed the eighth box her weight had increased to 141 pounds. Only one month ago she called at the home of the editor of this paper to leave her address to have the Reporter forwarded to her at Arlington, Mass. During the moment's conversation with her the above facts were told to Mr. W. A. Richardson, the editor, and with beaming countenance Miss Ferguson willingly agreed to have him tell the people "how Dr. Williams' Pink Pills brought her from the gates of death to the enjoyments of health." He was astonished, as being well acquainted with her while in Sydney, knowing how ill she was and seeing her a physically changed person, was enough to cause anyone to be amazed at the change. The above facts can be verified by writing Miss Ferguson, at No. 16 Henderson street, Arlington, Mass.; the editor of the Island Reporter, Sydney, C. B., or any one of the intimate friends of Miss Ferguson, Hardwood Hill, Sydney.

### THE MAINE DISASTER.

The blowing up of the United States war vessel the Maine, in the harbor of Havana, has become a critical incident in history. If war breaks out between Spain and the United States, the Maine disaster will hereafter be regarded as its occasion, if not its cause. So much mystery, still unsolved, hangs around the calamity, that it is im-

## WELL KNOWN VIOLINIST

Traveled Extensively Throughout the Provinces—Interesting Statements Concerning His Experience.

STELLARTON, N.S.—James R. Murray, a well known violinist, of this place, who has traveled extensively throughout the Provinces, makes this statement:

"I was running down in health and my weight fell off from 175 to 150 pounds. Prescriptions did me but little good. My trouble was called nervous dyspepsia. I resorted to Hood's Sarsaparilla and after taking five bottles I was greatly benefited. I feel as well now as ever in my life, and have increased in flesh so that I now weigh 177 pounds. I am well known in this part of the country, having followed my profession, that of a violin musician for the last 26 years. I gladly tell my friends what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me. Before I began taking the medicine I did not have any ambition, but now all is changed and my dyspeptic trouble perfectly cured." JAMES R. MURRAY.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy any substitute. Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

side of the Maine, as soon as such an examination is possible, as also of the bottom, where the vessel rests, will prove that the explosion was undoubtedly due to some interior cause."

On the whole there does not seem to be much in the Maine incident on which to go to war, especially as the United States commissioners frankly state that they have been unable to obtain evidence fixing the responsibility for the destruction of the vessel on any person or persons.—Toronto Star.

### A SEEMING DISCREPANCY.

The Dear Lady Has Her Daughter's Interest at Stake.

She is a lady whose husband has accumulated a large share of this world's goods. She does not care how much anything costs and desires people to know that she doesn't care. So it was not through any fear that she was not getting her money's worth that she re-proved her youngest daughter, who had been practicing at the piano. The little girl's efforts had been harrowingly persistent and dutiful, and she was hurt as well as surprised when her mother indignantly remarked:

"Dolly, I am compelled to remind you that we have employed the best teacher in the city for your musical education and that as we propose to spare no expense in the future, you ought to be more conscientious in laying a foundation. You will gain nothing by slighting the work now. I am determined that you shall learn to play the piano no matter what it costs."

"I was practicing faithfully," the pupil protested.

"My dear, do not attempt to deceive your mother."

"But you heard me practicing, didn't you?"

"It may be," was the chilly rejoinder, "that your mother's advantages in early life were not so great as these I intend that you shall enjoy. But there is one study in which I was always good, and it will be useless for you to attempt to mislead me in anything connected with it. That is arithmetic."

"I never said you weren't splendid in arithmetic, but that hasn't anything to do with my piano playing."

"Unless my eyes are at fault those are five finger exercises that you are now supposed to be working on."

"Yes."

"Very well. Do not think that I forget myself so far as to speak in anger. But I should very much like to know what you mean by trying to play five finger exercises with both hands."—Detroit Free Press.

THE COST OF TRAINS.



Adolphus town; F. B. Guess, Col. Geo. Hunter Kingston; Thos. V. Bennett, Richmond; L. O. Fraser, D. C. F. Ward, Ernestown. The board meets at the Secretary's office on the first Saturday of every month at one p.m.  
S. A. Caton, Napanee, Agents  
Thos. B. Wilson, Newburgh  
M. C. BOGART Sec'y-Treas.

## The Dominion Bank

ESTABLISHED 1871.

CAPITAL — \$1,500,000.00  
RESERVE FUND — \$1,500,000.00

Deposits received and interest allowed.

Drafts on all parts of Great Britain and United States bought and sold.

A. PEPLER, Agent.

## THE - MERCHANTS - BANK OF CANADA

Head Office, — Montreal

Capital paid up, \$6,000,000  
Surplus, \$3,000,000

INTEREST AT CURRENT RATES  
PAID ON DEPOSITS.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS  
TRANSACTION.

W. A. BELLHOUSE,  
Manager, Napanee Branch

## EPPS'S COCOA ENGLISH BREAKFAST COCOA

Possesses the following  
Distinctive Merits:

DELICACY OF FLAVOR.

SUPERIORITY IN QUALITY.

GRATEFUL and COMFORTING

to the NERVOUS or DYSPEPTIC.

NUTRITIVE QUALITIES UNRIVALLED.

In Quarter-Pound Tins Only.

Prepared by JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd.,  
Homeopathic Chemists, London,  
England.

## The Napanee Express

NAPANEE, FRIDAY, APRIL 22nd 1898

It must be galling to Spain to be told to evacuate the continent she discovered a few hundred years ago.

With Britain extending the glad hand the United States feels much like the small boy facing a foe in the presence of his big brother.

It is taking the United States and Spain a long time to adjust the preliminaries. The European authorities may step in and prevent the fight.

N. CLARKE WALLACE, Billy McLean and the perambulating phonograph from Pile O Bones are inclined to be a law unto themselves. They will not have Tupper to rule over them.

The man whose history "is the history of Canada" is not making history these days. He has his hands full keeping the recalcitrant members of the Conservative party in check.

If Nicholas Flood Davin had been born a mute it would have saved this long suffering country many hundreds of dollars. Somebody should take him out on the prairie and lose him.

The good showing of the Liberals left the Opposition little room for criticism of the budget and the debate was consequently of short duration. There is no necessity for long dissertations to convince the people that they are prosperous—they can feel it.

carry on the farming operations in the very best way. Many farmers are working their farms along unprofitable lines just because they have not been able to borrow a few hundred dollars at a rate of interest that would enable them to have a little profit out of the transaction. If the action of the government in reducing the rate of interest will tend to bring about cheaper money, no class should profit as much by it as the farmer. If he were placed in a position so that he could borrow a few hundred dollars at any time at a rate of about four or five per cent, the average Canadian farmer would soon better his condition."

Mr. McMILLAN, M. P., of Huron, the clear-headed Scotchman, who delivered an address at the Farmers' Institute meeting here last fall, speaking in the house last week attributed the great prosperity now enjoyed by the farmers of Ontario to the policy of the government and the action of the Minister of Agriculture in going to Washington and securing the removal of the quarantine on cattle. Owing to that last year from 30,000 to 50,000 head of young cattle had gone into the United States, and had brought from \$7 to \$8 more than in the previous year, and these were of a class which it was not desirable for the farmers to feed here. We sold 518,000 cattle in 1897, 66,000 more than in the previous year, and 200,000 of these were increased in price by 88 per head, and this \$1,600,000 went into the pockets of the farmers. Cold storage has been another boon to the farmers which had resulted in the export of butter to England in good condition, and one large shipment had secured higher prices in the English market than the best Danish butter. The placing of corn on the free list was, he said, the greatest benefit ever conferred on the farmers of Canada, especially those of Ontario. The member for South Huron deduced some exceedingly interesting figures in support of this proposition. Accepting the statement which had been made that \$11,500,000 bushels of corn came into Canada in the last six months of the last financial year, and had displaced an equal amount of our coarse grains, he pointed out that when corn, peas and oats were fed to cattle, pound for pound, corn was the best, and to equal the \$11,500,000 bushels of corn would take 18,941,176 bushels of oats. With corn at 37½ cts per bushel and oats at 24 cents, and taking these equivalent quantities of corn and oats, the gain to the farmer in buying corn and selling oats would be \$1,440,882. "That" he added, "is the way I want to see the Canadian farmers ruined all the time when they can get such sums of money put into their pockets." The reduction of duty and the easing of the customs rulings on agricultural implements was also commended as a benefit to the farming community. A great deal of confidence, he said, had been inspired in the minds of farmers and manufacturers by the tariff adopted last session. Mr. McMillan stated to the house that he had been told by a Conservative that he should put a question on the paper asking the Government if they were going to abolish or remodel the Senate, so as to make it responsible to the people of Canada. An irresponsible body ruling in a Democratic country was an anomaly in legislation. While he was an out-and-out free trader, Mr. McMillan said that he had never held that it was the duty of the Government in remodelling the tariff to make changes slowly and gradually, that industrial interests might not be injured. If the Government went on for ten years at the same rate as they had been going since they came into power, the last vestige of protection would be buried in the dust, but it would be done in a manner that would not injure any interest.

opened, but even at this stage it is interesting to sum up the two theories that have been published by the two Governments respectively to account for it.

Each of them appointed a commission to enquire into the facts of the case, so far as they might prove to be ascertainable. Quite naturally there was a regrettable want of coincidence in the scope of the inquiry. The Spanish Government offered to co-operate with the United States Government in one investigation, and this would have been more effective than two separate inquiries. The Spanish Commissioners were hampered in their work by the fact that the wreck of the Maine, until it was formally abandoned by the United States Government, was in international law, part of United States territory. The United States commissioners, either voluntarily, or in accordance with instructions, seem to have restricted their inquiry to the condition of the vessel before and after the fatality. Now that the Maine has been abandoned without being further destroyed by dynamite, unless war causes the catastrophe to sink into comparative insignificance, the Spanish Government may yet be able to throw important light on what is so far obscure and mysterious.

The reports of the two commissions are not merely non-coincident, but contradictory. The United States commissioners say "there were two explosions of a totally different character with a very short but distinct interval between them; the first was more in the nature of a report, like that of a gun, while the second was more open, prolonged, and of greater volume." In the opinion of the commissioners the second report was caused by the partial explosion of two or more of the Maine's magazines, the first being due to the explosion of a mine under the bottom of the ship. The Spanish commissioners report that only one explosion occurred, and as there was certainly one within the ship, the conflict of testimony on this point is all important.

The Spanish commissioners call attention to other matters that are negatively of the utmost consequence. One of these is the absence of any heaved-up columns of water, such as an external explosion of great force would certainly have caused. Another is the absence of any perceptible shock to the nearest vessel, and of vibration on the adjoining part of the shore. A third is the absence of dead fish, though fish are abundant in the harbor. These are points of very great interest, that will not be ignored by independent and disinterested experts when they come to sift these two historical documents.

There is an equally sharp conflict between the two commissions in their respective inferences based on the state of the sunken vessel's hull. The United States commissioners argue that the position of the keel and the shape of the bottom plating show the first explosion to have been external, while the position of the decks shows the second to have been internal; and they express their belief that the disaster was due to a submarine mine, the explosion of which caused the subsequent explosion of two or more of the vessel's forward magazines. The Spanish commissioners report that "a minute examination of the bottom of the harbor around the vessel shows absolutely no sign of the action of a torpedo," and affirm their belief that "an examination of the inside and out-

Passenger Coaches More Expensive Than Many Fine Houses.

"Ninety-five per cent of the traveling public do not own in their own right or occupy through rental a dwelling house which, including all its contents, costs as much as one of the ordinary modern passenger cars run on any first class railroad."

The foregoing statement, which is calculated to arouse the incredulity of the average individual, was made recently by George J. Charlton, assistant general passenger and ticket agent of the Chicago and Alton railroad.

"Just let me give you a few facts to prove that assertion," continued Mr. Charlton. "The cost of the average passenger car today is from \$8,000 to \$7,000. A reclining chair car costs from \$10,000 to \$12,000. These figures represent the bare cost of the car. When you add to that from year to year the expenses of maintenance, instead of figuring, as the ordinary business mortal will figure, a return in interest for the capital invested you simply aggravate the situation.

"I once heard a prominent master car builder say that it cost \$500 to simply look over a car after it had served five or six months on the road and had been sent to the carshops to be examined and put into presentable shape for another six months' run. He meant that the ordinary 'dressing down' and cleaning of a car would cost over \$500, and if you extend your investigation to general shop repairs—perhaps adding a little upholstery here and there—you could easily get away with another \$500."—Kansas City Journal.

### The Trees of Paris.

Paris is probably the only city in the world which has trees that bloom twice a year habitually. These are the horse chestnuts. There are 17,000 of them planted in the squares and along the boulevards, and 26,000 buttonwoods. The trees in Paris are numbered, just like the people, the cabs, the animals, the lampposts and the matches. These horse chestnuts have only been doing this trick for about five years, and only some of them have made a practice of it. These die, or apparently die, in the latter part of July, and all the leaves fall off. A month or so afterward they all come out into flower again and little green leaves shoot forth continually until they are nipped by the first frost. There is a reason for this, and the scientists worked over the matter for a long time to be able to explain it. Briefly and unscientifically the trees lose their leaves because they are attacked by a little fungus which is blown upon them by the wind; then, being still full of sap, they start to put forth leaves all over again.

### Overheard In a Lunchroom.

In a popular restaurant where the waiter girls are all pretty a young man sat down to his humble lunch. He watched the pretty attendant attentively, and it was apparent that he admired her very much.

"Do you wish anything for dessert?" the young woman inquired as he had nearly finished his repast.

"No, thank you," said he. "It's dessert enough for me to have the privilege of looking at the waiter."

Her nose assumed an elevation of 45 degrees as with an indignant sniff she pranced away. Two minutes afterward she had told all the girls about the lovely fellow who never ordered dessert, and it was easy to see that she was tickled to death.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

### In the Same Boat.

"I would like to know your intentions, sir," said the old man to the youth who had been calling on his daughter with great regularity for a long time.

"Same here," replied the young man promptly. "I'd like to know yours."

## Skin Sores

**CELERY KING** PURIFIES THE BLOOD  
And never fails to heal and cure skin diseases—  
Sold by all druggists. 25 cents a large package.

Life's Red Stream. When the blood is pure and rich, health and vitality are carried to all parts of the body. When it is impure and watery, the seeds of disease germinate and grow. To clear the blood current of all impurities, to make it rich and health-giving, here is nothing to equal the standard blood



He was a man well known in town, and people called him Bing.  
He could tell another person how to do most anything.  
And, strange as it may seem to you, for none of his advice  
Would be exact of friend or foe even the smallest price.

And though he never owned a house he could another show  
Just where the rafters and ridgepole ought properly to go,  
And though in naught he ever tried was he a great success.  
He always thought that his advice was far from valueless.

He could tell another person just when to buy and sell,  
And if they followed his advice he knew they would do well,  
And though to aid somebody else he often used to yearn  
When ever he acted for himself things took a losing turn.

He could tell a big contractor just how to dig a ditch  
And could map out for a merchant the sure way to get rich,  
He knew just when a man should sleep and when a girl should wed,  
And yet he scarce had brains enough to earn his daily bread.

He could tell a railroad magnate how best to build his road,  
And the way to run a paper as editor has showed,  
And as to give a doctor points one day he kindly tried  
He suddenly fell sick himself and very shortly died.

—Thomas F. Porter in Boston Globe.

#### IN A QUANDARY.

**Did Not Know How to Act Under the Circumstances.**  
It required some coaxing to get the war department clerk to tell his story, but he yielded at last, notwithstanding the painful memories it brought, and this is what he told:

"Twelve years ago I married a lovely girl from dear old Virginia, and life became a benison to me. I was five years her senior, and we were perfectly adapted to each other. Our days passed swiftly by for five years, and our only child, a beautiful boy, was 3 years old. At that age a child, I think, is at its loveliest, and this boy of ours was the pride of our hearts. One Sunday—I shall never forget it, I am sure—my wife and the boy and I went off up the canal above Georgetown to pass a pleasant afternoon by the waterside. It was a delightful day in the summer, and we had a great, good time wandering about the woods and banks, until, quite tired out, we sat down in the shade overlooking some very picturesque locks. How it happened I never know, but my wife and the boy started across the canal on the lock, and when I first noticed them they were nearly half way across, the boy holding on to the mother's skirts, and she apparently finding the footway very difficult to keep. Why she had ever undertaken such a hazardous walk I could not tell, nor did I stop to find causes. The two beings who were all the world to me were in jeopardy of their lives, and with a bound I was up and out upon the lock to help them.

"Possibly I may in my foolish haste have frightened them; possibly they were already nervous and thought they should turn back. Of that I cannot say. All I know is that as I came hurrying to them the mother turned, and in doing so stumbled some way against the boy, knocking him into the water above the lock, while she dove forward to the water below. It was all over in a second, and I stood there utterly paralyzed. Above me, struggling in the water was my boy, with his golden curls spread all around his head, and his little cap floating away, while in the eddies below I could see my wife's body whirled and tossed hither and yon by the cruel waves. I could not save both, and I stood irresolute and"—

"Good heavens!" exclaimed an excited listener, unable to restrain his feelings, "what did you do?"

"I awoke," smiled the clerk blandly, "and found the boy tickling my ear with a blade of grass, and my wife aiding and abetting him."—Washington Star.

#### Couldn't Disconcert the Doctor.

"I had been confined to my bed for a long time and it was a case in which my doctor forbade my drinking any water," remarked the ex-patient. "I stood it for awhile, but finally grew frantic for a drink. It was refused. One day when my male nurse was in the room giving me some medicine I determined to make a bold stand. I said to him: 'Now this is my

# TWO OUNCES OF BLOOD DAILY.

**T**WO OUNCES OF BLOOD will fill a small wine glass, and that is the quantity of Rich Red Blood which is daily added to your blood vessels when you take one of Dr. Campbell's Red Blood Forming Capsuloids with each meal three times daily.

No other iron medicine will do this, because all others are unnatural, or acid preparations of iron, while Capsuloids contain natural iron identical with the iron already in your blood.

**You Cannot Take** any ordinary iron medicine, because it's acid, and injures teeth, stomach and bowels; but

**You Can Take Capsuloids**, or natural iron medicine, because it contains no acid, is perfectly natural, and perfectly mild.

Infants and invalids, as well as adults, take Capsuloids without feeling them in the slightest, even though they have never been able to take any other kinds of iron medicine.

**What are Capsuloids?** They are the natural iron called Hæmoglobin, extracted from the blood of healthy young bullocks. This natural iron is just the same as the iron in the human blood. We then inclose this dissolved natural iron in little soft pointed globes of pure gelatine. They are easily swallowed, are free from taste and smell, and their contents enter the blood within from one to three minutes after they are taken into the stomach.

Capsuloids are **The Greatest of all Tonics** for the nerves, heart, lungs, bronchial tubes, mucus membranes, liver, bowels, kidneys, and especially for all Monthly Irregularities, when these organs are affected with blood diseases.

Capsuloids **act entirely through the blood**, enriching it and increasing its quantity two ounces daily. The effect upon the health, color, nerves and spirit is seen almost immediately. Think of the power and effect of adding two ounces of Rich, Red, New Blood each day!

Many doctors have ceased using all other kinds of iron, and prescribe Capsuloids exclusively. Send for pamphlet, containing their testimonies, and local testimonials.

Dr. Campbell's Red Blood Forming Capsuloids are sold at fifty cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by all leading druggists and by our local agents—A. W. GRANGE & BRO., and J. J. PERRY, Napanee—or sent to any address on receipt of price by **The Capsuloid Co., Brockville, Ont.**

This is not a patent or secret medicine. It is prescribed largely by doctors.

#### VICTORY FOR EAST SIMCOE.

Of one thing Mr. W. H. Bennett, the Conservative Standard Bearer in East Simcoe is Sure—He Suffered from Catarrhal Trouble and Found Speedy and Fixed Relief in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

In the coming by-election it will not be settled until the votes are counted, whether Mr. W. H. Bennett, who has represented the constituency for years, will again be the successful candidate. One thing Mr. Bennett is perfectly certain of whatever turn the election may take: When attending to his duties in Ottawa two seasons ago he was taken down with catarrhal trouble in the head. He used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and over his own signature says that it worked like a charm, and quickly removed the trouble and made him fitted for his parliamentary duties.

#### THE GLOVE.

**It is a Feature of Modern Rather Than Ancient Civilization.**

The prevalence of the glove is a feature of modern rather than of ancient civilization. Musonius, writing in the first century, says, "It is shameful that persons in perfect health should clothe their hands and feet with soft and hairy coverings." It was undoubtedly the spirit of luxurious fashion that gradually advanced the glove to its present position. For every thousand gloves now worn as a protection from cold many thousands are worn simply as an adornment of the person.

The symbolism of gloves grew up slowly under mediæval fostering. The traces of this symbolism that still remain may be seen in the white gloves worn at weddings, the white gloves given at a maiden assize, the black gloves of funeral ceremonial. With the clergy the glove became a symbol of their office its purity and incognito.

#### SPRING OF 1898.

#### SPRING OF 1898.

T. G. DAVIS and R. FORD beg to announce the receipt of  
**SCOTCH, ENGLISH and CANADIAN SUITINGS,**  
**OVERCOATINGS AND PANTINGS.**

in all the newest patterns, cheaper than ever. We will sell Cloth and Trimmings, and cut the same, or make them up to order at the shortest notice, at a small advance on cost, as we are determined not to be undersold by anybody in the county.

KINDLY CALL before purchasing and inspect our stock.

**T. G. DAVIS.**

**ROBERT FORD.**



in the room giving me some medicine. I said to him: 'Now, this is my case of sickness; this is my thirst; this is my house and I propose to have something to drink. Now, I want you to go down and get a bucket, fill it with water and keep it freshly supplied. Put it in the closet and keep the key in your pocket.'

"We argued for awhile and he finally yielded. That night relief came in the form desired. I drank like a famished camel. In the course of events I grew better, and one morning two weeks later, when the doctor told me I could go down to the office in a few days and his services were no longer needed, I thought to achieve a great victory in the field of medical science and told him how I had been off the reservation, so to speak, on the water issue.

"Instead of wilting he said: 'Ah, that is it. Your case has been wonderfully slow and stubborn for the past two weeks and I wondered what the trouble was. If you hadn't had the water, you would have been out a week ago, sir.'—Washington Post.

### Japanese Women.

The women of Japan have often been misunderstood, says K. Mitsuaki in the Atlantic. By those who have known them they have been pronounced the best part of Japan. They have been described as gentle, graceful, beautiful and self-sacrificing. Not only in those gentler virtues, but also in some sterner aspects of life, the Japanese woman has shown time and again what she is made of. Any one who speaks against the purity of the Japanese woman knows not whereof he talks or is a vile slanderer who would deprive the woman of what is most precious to her. As the mistress of the family she has as much real authority in the family as her western sister. As a mother she is paid great deference by her children. In society a lady is always treated with respect. There are some respects in which changes are desirable, but, on the whole, I have no hesitation in saying that the position of woman in Japan is a very high one.

### Berkshire Manners.

Mary Russell Mitford used to declare that there was no place in England like her "Sunny Berkshire." As to the country people, they were unmatched for their suavity, courtesy and respectful manners. One day Miss Mitford was walking through a pasture with an incredulous London lady. There was a lad driving a cow, and his manners were to be tested. "Now," said Miss Mitford, "you will see how gallant are our country folk." There was a gate to be opened, and the boy opened it, and the ladies passed through. There was triumph on the part of Miss Mitford. The London lady put a question to the boy, "You're not Berkshire, I'm sure," and this was the gentle boy's reply, "Thee'rt a liar, vor I be."—Exchange.

### What the Romans Do.

Cheewit—When you're in Rome do as the Romans do.  
Wise (who's been there)—Bah! A man's not going to swindle himself.—New York Journal.

# Bad Blood Will Out.

Can't help but come to the surface in the form of Ulcers, Sores, Boils, Pimples and Rashes of one kind and another. Especially is this so in the SPRING. At this time of the year the Blood needs purifying, the System needs cleansing. Nothing will do it with such perfect success as

## B. B. B.

Jessie Johnston Rockwood, Ont., writes:  
"I had boils very bad and a friend advised me to try Burdock Blood Bitters, so I got a bottle. The effect was wonderful—the boils began to disappear, and before the bottle was done I was totally cured. As an effectual and rapid cure for Impure Blood B. B. B. cannot be

the black gloves of funeral ceremonial. With the clergy the glove became a symbol of their office, its purity and incorruptibility; with feudalism it became synonymous with knightly honor. The last resting place of old customs is generally to be found in popular phraseology—as when we speak of 'throwing down the gauntlet.' Even now at the coronation of British sovereigns the glove is thrown down in Westminster hall by the armed champion of majesty, and it is remembered that at the crowning of George II an unknown Jacobite came forward and raised the glove on behalf of the exiled Stuarts. It was a plucky though foolish action. In the days of the Plantagenets it appears that the kings were not only crowned with gloves on their hands, but were buried with them.

When the tomb of King John was opened in 1797, it was found that his hands were gloved, and the remains of Edward I were discovered in the same condition. The glove had long been a symbol of investiture, and possibly the kings were thus buried with some grim idea of investing them with the rights of the grave—their regal rights having passed to their successors. At the coronation of French kings, the royal gloves were blessed by the bishop who officiated. In some parts of Christendom bishops themselves were inducted to their dioceses by receiving a glove, investing them with temporal as well as spiritual rights. The glove became so associated with episcopal authority that at different times the wearing of gloves was absolutely prohibited to the lower clergy. While one council issued this edict, another declared that monks should only presume to wear gloves of common sheepskin. Episcopal gloves were often richly adorned, as we may gather from the fact that Bishop Recafus, dying in the year 915, bequeathed a pair of gloves in his will. For the word glove it would appear that we are indebted to the Icelandic glof. As a gift of gloves was a mark of the highest honor, a token of investiture, a conferring of trust, so the deprival of a person's gloves was a sign of the deepest degradation. We read of the Earl of Carlisle, condemned to die as a traitor in the reign of Edward II, that his "spurs were cut off with a hatchet, and his gloves and shoes were taken off."

In yet another sense to lose the glove of a lady at tourney was a deep disgrace. Knights wore their ladies' dainty gloves as the most precious of insignia, and he who lowered his lady's honor need little look for her smiles. The practice of giving gloves to the judge at maiden assize probably had its origin in the fact that a judge was not supposed to wear gloves while on the bench; to present him with a pair might signify that he was now free to do as he chose.—London Standard.

### CURBSTONE OPERA.

#### One New York Man Who Made a Fortune Tinkering Hand Organs.

A little man with a sunburned overcoat strapped about his loins was grinding a familiar air from a hand organ which he had fastened on a wheelbarrow.  
"You won't find that kind of a hand organ in New York very often," said a man who prowls about the city. "It is the first one I have seen in two years. I have an idea that few if any are now manufactured. The piano street organ has taken its place. And that is the street music of New York. There used to be street musicians called German bands, like Johnny Morgan's, which Tony Pastor made familiar. But you don't see any more German bands in the streets. The music unions of the city drove them out. The street bands interfered with the concerts that used to be given. People wouldn't pay to hear music when they could hear it for nothing, and the street bands in those days tooted as well as the orchestras."

"I think that you will find that some sort of ordinance was passed prohibiting street bands from playing in certain districts. I know, however, that the action of the music unions drove away the street bands. Then the organs came in great numbers. But the music unions never made any fight on them. I don't know why. And we had organs day and night and of every kind."

"I remember there was a man in Elizabeth street who repaired organs. He never made any, for most of them are made in Berlin. But he got rich repairing street organs. He made so much money he retired from business. I have forgotten his name, but the old timers in Elizabeth street will recall it. The last I heard of him he was living in the old country, employing himself as happily as prince as he could do. Why, he made \$500,000 just

# Bay of Quinte Railway and Navigation Company

GENERAL PASSENGER TIME TABLE, Eastern Standard Time. No. 13. Taking effect Dec. 2nd, 1895.

Tweed and Tamworth to Napanee and Deseronto.						Deseronto and Napanee to Tamworth and Tweed.					
Stations.	Miles.	No. 2	No. 4	No. 6		Stations.	Miles.	No. 1	No. 3	No. 5	
Lve Tweed	0	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.		Lve Deseronto	0	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	
Stoco	3	6 50	3 10	3 10		Deseronto Junction	4	7 10	3 30	3 30	
Larkins	7	7 10	3 25	3 25		Napanee	9	7 25	3 45	3 45	
Marlbank	14	7 25	3 40	3 40		Napanee Junction	12	7 40	4 00	4 00	
Erinsville	17	7 40	3 55	3 55		Napanee Mills	15	8 00	4 15	4 15	
Tamworth	20	7 50	4 10	4 10		Newburgh	18	8 10	4 25	4 25	
Wilson	21	8 10	4 30	4 30		Thomson's Mills	19	8 20	4 35	4 35	
Enterprise	25	8 10	4 30	4 30		Camden East	19	8 35	4 50	4 50	
Mudlake Bridge	31	8 22	4 43	4 43		Yarker	23	8 45	5 00	5 00	
Moscow	33	8 35	4 55	4 55		Lve Yarker	23	9 10	5 15	5 15	
Arr Yarker	35	9 00	5 15	5 15		Galbraith	25	9 15	5 20	5 20	
Lve Yarker	35	9 10	5 15	5 15		Moscow	27	9 15	5 20	5 20	
Camden East	39	9 13	5 25	5 25		Mudlake Bridge	30	9 30	5 35	5 35	
Thomson's Mills	41	9 23	5 35	5 35		Enterprise	31	9 30	5 35	5 35	
Newburgh	41	9 23	5 35	5 35		Napanee	34	9 40	5 45	5 45	
Napanee Mills	42	9 33	5 45	5 45		Napanee Junction	38	9 50	5 55	5 55	
Lve Napanee	49	9 50	6 00	6 00		Erinsville	41	10 05	6 10	6 10	
Deseronto Junction	49	9 50	6 00	6 00		Marlbank	45	10 15	6 15	6 15	
Deseronto	58	10 00	6 10	6 10		Larkins	51	10 30	6 30	6 30	
						Stoco	55	10 50	6 55	6 55	
						Arr Tweed	58	11 00	7 10	7 10	

R. C. CARTER, Asst. Gen. Manager. G. A. BROWN, Gen. Pass. Agent. H. B. SHERWOOD, Superintendent.

### HER NEW CAMERA.

#### It Put the Family in a Queer Plight Before the Minister.

Miss Macgillivuldie's new kodak came home from down town late Saturday night. If there had been light enough, she would have done a lot of snap shooting before she went to bed, but as kodak's don't work after dark she was obliged to wait till morning.

As soon as breakfast was over she picked up her new toy and made pictures of the dog and the cat until her mother protested so vigorously against such employments on Sunday morning that she had to desist. When the old folks had gone to church, however, Miss Macgillivuldie remaining at home because of a slight indisposition, the kodak was trotted out again. The young lady had tired, though, of photographing such commonplace subjects as the dog and the cat, so she sent to the house of a couple of friends and asked them to come over and pose for her. They came and were photographed in numerous poses, but the young artist wanted something lively and characteristic.

"You girls are always playing cards," she said. "Why shouldn't I photograph you in the midst of a game. You'll have to sit still only three or four minutes, and you can easily do that."

The other girls acquiesced and the cards and a set of poker chips were spread out on a lapboard between them. After the necessary posing and squinting to get everything in proper focus the cap was removed from the kodak.

Unfortunately Miss Macgillivuldie had taken no account of time during their morning's experiments, and the exposure was not more than a minute old when the front door opened and in walked her father and mother, accompanied by the new minister, whom they had brought home to Sunday dinner. The first thing they saw, of course, on entering the house was the poker game between the two young women, and the minister, discreetly looking away as soon as possible, failed to discover the kodak. Mrs. Macgillivuldie was embarrassed beyond expression by the sight and hurried away to her room, where she shed bitter tears. Mr. Macgillivuldie, however, tried to make explanation, but only succeeded in making matters worse.

"Not really a card game, I assure you, Mr. Fourthly," he stammered in an embarrassed fashion. "Girls only practicing with their new kodak."

The rattling of the cards, and chips as the girls tried to scramble them out of sight seemed to disprove this statement, however, and Mr. Fourthly put an end to it all by saying coldly:

"Least said about that is soonest mended. I am sure, Mr. Macgillivuldie."

### Evidence.

"Think of it!" exclaimed the somewhat pedantic citizen. "A generation or so ago boys were supposed to have a good knowledge of Latin before they were 16 years of age."

"What of that?" inquired the mild mannered friend.

"Doesn't that show that our pretended advancement in refinement is a misapprehension?"

"Not at all. It proves that we are more considerate and humane, and therefore more refined. Think of the amount of corporal punishment it must take to give a boy a good knowledge of Latin before he is 16 years old!"—Washington Star.

### Reading Character.

Dribbler—In my opinion, a man who writes an illegible hand does it because he thinks people are willing to puzzle over it. In other words, he is a chunk of conceit.

Scribbler—Not always. Sometimes a man writes illegibly not because he is conceited, but because he is modest.

Dribbler—Modest? What about?

Scribbler—About his spelling.—New York Weekly.

## DON'T CHIDE THE CHILDREN.



Don't scold the little ones if the bed is wet in the morning.

It isn't the child's fault. Weak kidneys need strengthening—that's all. You can't afford to risk delay. Neglect may entail a lifetime of suffering.

## DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Strengthen the Kidneys and Bladder, then all trouble ceases.

Mr. John Carson, employed at M. S. Bradt & Co.'s store, Hamilton, Ont., says:

"My little boy seven years of age has been troubled with his kidneys since birth and could not hold his water. We spent hundreds of dollars doctoring and tried many different remedies, but they were of no avail. One box of Doan's Kidney Pills completely cured him."



# THE FUGITIVE BRIDE

BY MARY E. BRYAN

By the courtesy of George M. Warren & Sons, New York.

He turned to unlock the door, and Dusky fled, swift and noiseless as a mouse, to her hiding-place. He came out and relocked the door; then he walked up and down the narrow passage and presently he flung himself upon a faded lounge that stood against the wall only a few feet from the closed door of the lumber-room behind which Dusky stood. That imp was too angry to feel alarmed at her ticklish situation.

"I wish I dared open this door a little bit and get a pinch at your flop ear," she said to herself. "Marry her! Yes, I knowed all along that was what you was up to. Poor Irma! That straight nose and white throat of hers does git her into a sight of scrapes. I'm glad my nose turns up and my skin is brown as a chinkypin, so nobody won't be gittin' me into a corner and swearin' I sha'n't git out till I promise to marry 'em."

There was the sound of a slow, heavy step upon the stairs, and presently Dusky heard the asthmatic cough of old Nick.

"You were long time coming," his master said sharply. "I called you twenty minutes ago."

"I was huntin' for you," responded the negro, in his gruff bass tones. "You is like de flea, now in one place, now in anudder. What you want?"

"I wanted you to go to the tower and clean up the secret room at the top. I—"

"Here now, My ole 'oman's gone to de waddin' wid dem keys in her pocket!" cried the doctor, sharply.

"Didn't you tell me to? Didn't you say dat time Mort stole 'em, dat she was carefuller dan me?"

"Well, take my own keys. And bring 'em back in one hour. Clean t'e secret room nicelee. Open t'e window and air everyting well. Leave no bad smell. Brush off de dust and put rugs down in t'e sitten-room and lay a folded coverlet and a fresh pillow on t'e lounge. Git him hees supper and a sleepin' powder and fasten him up in t'e little bedroom. Kindle a teentle fire in t'e other room—t'e night may be chilled."

"Pears like you is spectin' to put somebody else up in dat leetle jail?"

"Yes—for one leetle while."

"Tain't Mort, I reckon. You wouldn't want much fixin' up for him. He oughter be jugged up better'n he is. He was-a-tryin' to break de lock er one of de window shettlers last night, and I had to threaten him wid you. He's dat cunnin' he tries to slip out over time I take his victuals up, and he's allers mutterin' about burnin' up de place."

"The 'Bayou Belle' will take him away—down to the mad-house. It will take t'e other one too, may be."

"Glory for dat! A sight of trouble dey've been," said the squat giant.

"And den I hope de ole tower'll git stuck by lightnin' and burn up. It oughter. If it ain't ha'nted, den I don't know nothin'." I seen her two nights ago. She was standin'—"

"Silence! black fool," cried his master, a sudden flash leaping from his usually soft eye. "There are no ghosts. You sees the greatest hogbooken. Go, do as I telled you."

The square-shouldered Hercules quailed before the eye and voice of the slender, frail-looking master, the supremacy of brain over muscle asserting itself in the negro's downcast look as he turned off with the keys in his hand and descended the stairs.

Dr. Prudhomme threw himself back upon the lounge and drew a deep, sighing breath. Then he muttered to himself in French. Dusky caught the disjointed phrases: "Tired of it all." "Turn over the place to Vanhorn and the infernal tower business." "Take what money he will give me and go to France. If that girl—"

Here he sprang to his feet. "I am an old fool," he cried, "but I'll not give up yet. She is in my power."

He walked rapidly up and down the passage three times, Dusky counted them with beating heart, fearing he

white shawl, so that its folds would hide where the mask ended.

She drew the shawl around her as she remembered it was drawn in the portrait, and surveyed herself in the broken mirror.

She danced a jig in her satisfaction. "I'm ghostly looking for true," she said. "A good enough ghost to scare Old Nick out of his wits. I'll slip out to the tower, and loom on him when he comes out. He's such a poke he hasn't more'n got up to the secret room, and gone to work yet. I must keep a look-out for the fox. Wouldn't I be a plucked chicken if he caught me, though! He'd shut me up with the rest in the old tower, and Mort and me would have a monkey-and-parrot time, sure!"

She caught up the trailing skirt here and there, and fastened the loops with pins. She threw a black water-proof cloak around her and drew the hood over her lace-covered head.

"Now for it," she said. "I'll not even stop to speak to Irma through the key-hole."

She crept swiftly, stealthily, down-stairs. Nobody was in the hall—all was silent. She descended the second flight of stairs, and found all below quiet and empty of human presence.

Peering through a front window, she saw in the twilight Dr. Prudhomme's spare figure, defined against the fading sky, as he stood on the bayou-bank, waiting the coming of the boat, whose 'escape-pipe' could now be heard around the bend of the stream.

"I am safe from him for the present," Dusky said to herself, as she turned from the window, and ran down the back steps into the yard. In three minutes, she had reached the tower. The gate was locked, but she had climbed the wall before this, by the aid of the wild grapes and trumpet vines. She clambered over it now, in spite of the long skirts, and found her way to the narrow, crooked stairs, which ran down under the high-built tower. She crept up the steps, and stopped upon the landing before the locked door. She stood there against the wall, awaiting the appearance of Nick.

She waited for more than ten minutes, though it seemed as many hours, before she heard the negro's heavy descending tread.

She had left the black wrap in a myrtle thicket below, and she stood there in her trailing ghost robes, with the lace shawl drawn about the painted face, and her keen, black pupils peering through the painted eyeballs of the dead woman, whose ghost was said to haunt the tower.


It was dark as midnight, but Nick would have a lantern.

"All the better," thought Dusky. "It needs a nice, uncertain sort of light to set off my ghost-looks to advantage."

Yes; the negro janitor had a lantern. She could see its light, flung ahead of him, streaming through the crack under the door. He stood a little while, fumbling with the lock. Her heart stopped beating as he opened the door. He had taken the key from the lock on the inside; now he inserted it into the key-hole on the outside, and she heard the bolt click as it shot to its place. He removed the key, he was about to turn and descend the steps when the white figure stepped forward and confronted him. For an instant he did not know what it meant. He flashed the light of the lantern over it. He saw the face, the dress, the white, draped shawl of the portrait he had just beheld in the tower-room. It was the face of the woman who had died there; it was her ghost. Terror paralyzed the black Hercules. He stood rooted to the spot, shaking from head to foot, the eyes starting from his ashy face.

The ghost came a step nearer to him, and he staggered back against the wall, staring at it in speechless fright. "Nicholas Ball," said the ghost, in a hollow voice, "you are doing the devil's work; you will get hot pitch and brimstone down below. Give me the keys!"

As she spoke, she stretched out her



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"The way is clear," she said. "The doctor has gone to the landing to meet his visitors. Old Nick has shut himself up in his cabin. I reckon, and barred the door against the ghosts. Now for the tower. Stop, I'll take one of the doctor's tall candles. It's dark in the tower as a bagful of black cats." Gripping Irma's hand with her little,

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"I can never forget you, good one," she said.

She held the light while Dusky went down the narrow stairs and unlocked the secret door. The next instant she had passed out of sight, and Irma turned slowly and looked about the narrow bare room; then suddenly became attent; for she heard a voice muttering audibly behind the thin partition.

Dusky had, meantime crept through the secret door, and stood inside the chamber occupied by Mort. But it was in utter darkness, and she did not know where to turn. She lit a match, and as its light flared up, she saw the horrible face and burning eyes of Mort not far from her. He was looking at her intently. He approached a step nearer, his lips parted in a distorting grin that showed his strong yellow teeth. Dusky made a terrified bound for the door, unlocked it, and rushed out, locking it after her with trembling fingers. She had expected him to spring after her and try to escape. She wondered he had not made the attempt. Could she have seen him at the moment she was locking the door, she would have felt keen alarm rather than self-congratulation. In her fright, she had dropped the box of matches, and its contents were scattered over the floor. Chuckling with delight, the dwarf threw himself on his knees and eagerly felt for and picked up the matches. His mania for setting fire to anything that would burn was inflamed by his hatred of Dr. Prudhomme, and his resentment at being confined. He hugged the matches to his heart.

"Now I will pay them for all," he muttered. "I will burn up everything there will be a wind to-night. It will carry the flames and sparks. They shall roast in their beds—Old Nick and the conjurer. We'll see, we'll see. I shall dance to hear them yell and see them squirm!"

CHAPTER XXI.

The name of the bayou boat was a sarcasm. The "Belle" was a dinky little craft with a stern wheel, and a single chimney. But she was strong, and her tiny engine puffed lustily as she lay at the landing, being made fast to a tree by red-shirted roustabouts. The gangway plank was thrown out, and three men walked to shore. One, short, stout, red-whiskered—Connolly, a deputy sheriff. One, spare, dark, saw-toothed, with a hooked nose and small ferret-like black eyes—Michael Vanhorn. The last who leaped lightly to the bank, had a lithe figure and a handsome, subtle face. This was Harold



the passage three times. Dusky could not help but stare at the door, fearing he would stop before her hiding-place and open the door. But presently she heard his going down-stairs. She sprang eagerly from behind the cracked mirror. A wild, seemingly impracticable idea had shaped itself in her feeble imagination. It had been suggested by old Nick's reference to the ghost. If she could work on his superstitious fancy, frighten him and get him to give up the keys Dr. Prudhomme had intrusted to him. On the strong steel ring were strung not only the keys to the tower, but the key to Dr. Prudhomme's room and to his study. If she had the key to the study she could free Irma. She would not help thinking that Bert Fontenoy could do something to save the woman he loved if she were with him. It was now growing dusk—nearly the hour of seven when Fontenoy would be waiting for his bride not three hundred yards from the place where she sat a prisoner awaiting a yet harder fate.

"I must get her out of there," Dusky said. "I'll make myself into a ghost and scare old Nick into handing over them keys. I'll make myself up to look like her—as he called Mort's mother. I'll find clothes and things in these trunks to fix me up right."

She turned to the dust-covered boxes that held the dead Mrs. Prudhomme's things. She had several times unpacked and carried down armfuls of dresses, shawls and laces for Blanche to look over. Among these she remembered a certain long white satin robe—the same, it seemed, that Mort's mother had worn when her portrait was painted. That portrait Dusky had seen the time she crept in the wake of the overseer and beheld Solon Vanhorn in his coffin. She would dress herself to look like the picture. She knew where she had put the satin robe, and she hastily threw open the largest trunk made of old-fashioned sole-leather, molly and stained. She found the dress, drew it out and shook out its long, crumpled folds. It was almost dark in the old lumber-room, and Dusky hurriedly rolled some papers together, lighted them with a match from the box of lucifers she always carried in her pocket, to light the long, shapely cigarettes which she made of tobacco leaves gathered and dried—and threw the pile of twisted, lighted papers upon the musty, long-unused hearth. As they burned she rummaged the trunk, found a white lace shawl that suited her purpose, and something else which pleased her still better. At the bottom of the trunk she caught sight of a face which made her start at first almost in a fright. The next instant, she drew it out with a little exclamation of delight. It was the face of the very woman whose ghost she was about to represent. It was a study of the face of the portrait in the tower. There was just the face and throat, not smoothly finished, but with a look of life even more striking than in the completed picture. With a pair of sharp little scissors she cut off at her side Dusky cut off all the background from the picture, leaving only the face like a mask. To pin a string on each side of this mask, for the purpose of trying it on, and to cut out the centre of each eyeball, that her own bright pupils might look forth through the holes, was the work of half a minute. And then her light having nearly flickered out, Dusky tore out more old magazine leaves and replenished the flame on the hearth, while she made her ghost-toilet before the cracked mirror.

She put on the white satin robe, delighted to see how tall it made her look. It was a world too large and long, but she would fix that. She tied on the picture-face, and over her head and around her face, she arranged the

As she spoke, she stretched out her white-draped arm solemnly, and took the keys from his shaking fingers. She turned round and prepared to glide swiftly down the steps before he could recover from the half-stupor of terror; but now she heard a sound that terrified her in turn.

The "soft fox" tread was upon the stairs, quickly ascending. For an instant her nerve failed her, but in the next breath she recovered herself, and prepared to encounter her keen-eyed master. She placed herself between the stairs and the light which Nick held clinched in his rigid fingers. He saw her suddenly as he turned a curve of the stairs.

The unexpected sight of the strange apparition, its startling resemblance in face and dress to the portrait of his dead wife, startled Dr. Prudhomme out of all his reason and his skepticism.

His legs sank under him, he fell on his knees. The ghost swept slowly by him. She stopped, and whispered in his ear: "Take care!" and vanished down the winding stairs.

It was a moment or more before the master of the Grenadier recovered himself.

He rose from his knees and approached Nick. The negro was kneeling and praying as for dear life, with beads of perspiration on his black brow. His master shook him roughly.

"What—who was that?" he demanded.

"Don't—don't you see?" stammered the negro. "Don't you see 'twas ghost—her ghost—the very spilt of her picture up yander?"

His master snatched the lantern from his hand, and hurried down the steps. He flashed the light here and there among the dark-matted shrubbery.

No ghost was to be seen. No wonder; it was already inside the house, chuckling to itself as it fled up the steps to Irma's garret-prison.

"There is nothing here," Dr. Prudhomme said. "There is nobody on the place—no woman, but the one I have locked up. And that face! Mon Dieu! can it be her ghost? Do the dead live again? Can they come back, and—"

A shrill whistle, followed by the ringing of a bell, broke upon his perplexed and terrified conjecturing. He turned his steps toward the house.

"I must go to the landing to meet them," he said to himself; "but, first, I must have a glass of brandy."

He wiped his clammy brow, and turned toward the house.

Irma had been restlessly moving about the shadowy study, listening to the sound of the approaching boat. Now she sat down by the window and looked out across the wide orchard to the wall of forest beyond. She thought she could single out from the mass the dark green top of the pecan-tree, under which her lover was perhaps at that moment waiting for her.

She heard the key grate in the lock of the door behind her, but she did not turn her head. It was Dr. Prudhomme, she thought, come to renew his offer. She felt too indignant against him to make any show of listening to him. When he had gone, she would answer him with one brief, money-making, as hard and stern as she could make it.

"Irma, Irma, where are you?" It was Dusky's voice. Irma rose quickly, and went toward the dark figure standing in the middle of the dim room. The black wrap suddenly fell to the floor, and a white apparition confronted Irma. She uttered a startled exclamation, and stepped back.

"Oh, ho!" chuckled the girl. "I must be a success as a ghost, for I have scared you. But I haven't time for you to admire me," she went on, snatching the mask from her face. "We must get out of here at once. We must get away from here. Come!"

"Where, Dusky?" "To the pecan-tree." "No; I have told you I would not bring another into my trouble." "But when that other is your own husband, or as good as your husband, I am sure—"

"No, Dusky!" "Oh, my goodness! there is the boat-whistle. Irma, you must go—somewhere. They must not find you. Look here; you see this big bunch of keys? All the keys of the tower are here—the one to the secret top story. If you would go and hide in there, they would never find you; and you would see the ghost; you would find out what it was. Who knows but—"

She stopped abruptly. The thought that had flashed into her brain seemed improbable to be uttered. Yet the same thought came into Irma's mind. She said suddenly:

"I will go to the tower. Come!" "Let me go ahead, and see if the way is clear," said Dusky.

She went out, and Irma heard her going softly down-stairs. She was not gone three minutes; when she returned her face beamed with satis-

Gripping Irma's hand with her little, wiry, nervous fingers, she drew her out of the room and looked the door behind them. Down the stairs and through the dusky passages they sped, and came out under the starlit sky. Making their way along the walks, lined with untrimmed shrubbery, they came to the gate of the Grenadier. It was not fastened, and Dusky pushed it open. Dark it surely was in the narrow landing at the head of the stairs, but Dusky found the right key, and, once inside, she lit the candle. By its light, they went up two flights of stairs and stopped before the door of the room in which Mort's mother had died. Dusky bent her head, and listened at the key-hole.

"Thank goodness, Mort is asleep," she said. "He snores like a bear I heard once when we was huntin' muscadines. I hope he won't wake."

She softly unlocked the door, and they stole into the room. Mort lay back in a deep chair, asleep and breathing heavily. They crept across the floor and lifted the portrait from its place before the secret door. In half a minute Irma had found the key-hole cunningly hidden in the carving of the panel-like door, and had inserted into it the curiously shaped little key. The door opened noiselessly, and Dusky, candle in hand, went first—to see if all was well, she said. "The thing, whatever it is, may be ravin' crazy, and try to kill us," she whispered.

"No," returned Irma, "I feel quite sure he is too feeble to be dangerous. His ghastly face and weak voice make me sure he can do little harm."

They climbed up the narrow, steep stairs, until at last a room was reached at the very top of the building—a small, unfinished room with walls of hewn cypress upon three sides, and black, cobwebbed rafters overhead. It was clean and dusted. There was a table, and a lounge with a clean pillow upon it. An earthen pitcher of water was on the table, and a rug was spread before the lounge.

Irma's eyes flew quickly all around the little bare room. "He is not here—where can he be?" she said.

Dusky pointed to a door in the wall on the left. This wall was of plank, and was evidently a partition dividing this top storey into two rooms.

"He is in there," Dusky said, pointing to the door. "I heard Doctor Prudhomme tell Nick to give him a sleeping powder, and fasten him in his bedroom. This door is mighty frail," she said, shaking it slightly. "If a body wanted to break it in and see the mystery, as you call the prisoner, it would not be hard to do. But I'm sure there's a key to this little inner room hanging up somewhere around. If I had time I'd find it, but I had better go and keep a lookout on the outside. Irma, will you be afraid to stay here?"

"No," said the pale girl wearily. "I think I am not afraid of anything that may happen. I feel prepared for the worst."

"But you must hope for the best, and don't lose heart. Remember, them that love you will be prayin' for you and workin' for you, and ready to give half their blood to help you. I hate to leave you in this ghostly old place, but I'll come to you as soon as I can, and bring you the news. Now, good-bye. Christ's mother pity you and keep you from harm, my dear, my dearest."

Dusky's voice suddenly broke. She caught Irma's hand, and would have kissed it, but the girl put her arms around the slim figure, and kissed her on the lips.

bank, had a lithe figure and a handsome, subtle face. This was Harold Vane.

Dr. Prudhomme received his visitors with repressed nervousness. He led the way up to the house and into the sitting-room. He summoned Nick, and when the negro came, still dazed and trembling from his encounter with the ghost, he brought back his scattered senses by a stern look and a muttered threat.

"Set out brandy and cigars," he commanded.

Nick opened an old-fashioned side-board and set out a decanter of liquor, three slim Venetian glasses, and a sandal-wood box filled with small Havana cigars.

The deputy promptly seized the decanter and poured out a glassful of the pale, fiery liquor, which he gulped down without winking. Vanhorn drank his brandy more leisurely. He seemed to be furtively watching Dr. Prudhomme and his yellow forehead wore a frown. Harold Vane did not drink. He approached Dr. Prudhomme and drew him aside just without the sitting-room door.

"Pardon me," he said, "I would like to have a word or two with you. I am the chief detective employed to work up the Vanhorn case. I am here now to identify the girl. I have been investigating the case, and I am convinced that Irma Weir died of yellow fever on her way to the city, and was taken from the steam-boat and buried on a sandbar. I had proofs of her death and burial, which I turned over to the chief of the police. No doubt as to the truth of this existed in the mind of Mr. Vanhorn until your letter came. I am of the opinion that you are mistaken—that it is not Irma Weir you have here. While I was working up the case, I came across a girl whose appearance and history corresponded somewhat with Irma Weir's. That young woman has quitted the friends she was living with. It may be that it is she whom you have here and taken to be Irma Weir. Had you ever seen Irma Weir before the murder?"

"No," Dr. Prudhomme answered, after a pause.

"Has this young woman been recognized by any one as Irma Weir?"

Dr. Prudhomme hesitated, standing before him with head half bent, as though reflecting. Suddenly he raised his head and said, with quiet hauteur:

"I will answer questions put to me by the proper person. You have not the authority. Have you any more to say to me?"

"I wish to see this young woman one moment before the arrest takes place."

"I do not think it will be possible."

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Dr. Prudhomme answered, bowing with cold courtesy.

Harold threw up his head. "I do not believe you have the real Irma Weir in this house," he said sharply. "I believe she is dead and buried long since. You will find yourself mistaken, and Vanhorn will be furious at having been fooled."

Dr. Prudhomme's eyes flashed, but he only bit his lip and dismissed Vane by a haughty wave of the hand. He turned back into the room. Vanhorn was standing in the middle of the room, waiting for him. He touched the doctor's arm.

"Come out on the porch, Prudhomme," he said. "I have a few words to say to you."

"But first, as to our business," interposed the burly sheriff. "The woman we've got the warrant for—is she safe?"

"She is here in the house."

"And she doesn't suspect we are about to nab her?"

"She is quiet in her room. I will go up and see if—"

"First, I must have a word with you," said, interrupted Vanhorn, drawing him roughly away. The little Frenchman shot a malignant glance at the crafty-eyed Hebrew, and moved off reluctantly with him. He wanted to have a last interview with Irma Weir, and inform her that the officer waited down stairs with a warrant for her arrest, and that he would save her on the terms he had before offered. But he obeyed the cold eye and voice of Vanhorn, and followed him to the piazza.

"And now," began the Jew, planting his gaunt form and thin, sharp visage before his host, "will you have the kindness to tell me what you mean by your late conduct?"

"What conduct?" said Dr. Prudhomme sullenly.

"Why have you hunted up that wretched girl, brought her here, of all places in the world, and permitted her to pry into a secret that is of life and death importance to both of us?"

"It was all accident. I wrote you that."

"It was a want of ordinary sense and caution. What business had you to bring any woman here, where there was a secret to keep? And this woman, the very one who is interested in exposing the secret, you have let her find out. Of course she will expose it. She would do it if her life depended on her doing otherwise. There is nothing now but to send her to the penitentiary, and to see that the top story of the tower holds no secret when it is searched. If searched it should be. I wanted never to hear of the girl again. I was in hopes she was dead and

he bent his head in acquiescence, but no word escaped his lips.

"Now to business," said Vanhorn. "You say the young woman is here, and does not suspect that she is to appear in a new role to-night. Call Connolly and show him the way to my lady's chamber!"

"First let me see if she is in there, or with my little girl," Dr. Prudhomme said quickly. "Remain you here," he added, with a peremptory wave of his head, as Vanhorn seemed about to follow him. "This is my house."

"The old scamp is up to some trick, I suspect," muttered Vanhorn, looking after him as he ascended the stairs. Prudhomme, too, was muttering to himself—muttering in French as he went up to the study-room in which he had locked Irma.

"I will tell her there is no hope," he said, "that they are here to arrest her. I will make my proposition for the last time. If she agrees, I will slip her off into the secret story of the tower. This they will never search. If she refuses, what then? I will save her all the same—may be; and gratitude—"

He suddenly remembered that he did not have the key to the study. It was on the bunch of keys he had given Nick. He called to the negro in his shrill, sweet falsetto, bidding him come quickly. He heard the shuffling feet coming up the creaking stairs, and he had stopped before the locked door but an instant before the negro appeared.

"The keys," Dr. Prudhomme said. "Why did you not bring them before? Give them to me."

"I ain't got de keys. I ain't had no chance to tell you how de—"

"Where are the keys?" Dr. Prudhomme interrupted, sternly.

"For de Lor's sake don't look at me dat way! De gese got de keys! I ain't to blame."

"The ghost."

"You seed her yourself. You knowed her—she jes' walked outer de plecter and folowed me to de door, and says she, 'Give me dem keys'—and de keys jus' dropped outer my hand like I been struck wid lightnin'." Dat's de—

"Fool!" cried Dr. Prudhomme. "It was no ghost at all. It was a plot, a trick to get the keys. Burst the door open."

The squat giant obeyed him. He threw his broad shoulder against the door—once—twice. The door gave way and Dr. Prudhomme entered the room. To his astonishment he found it empty. He lit a candle and searched every nook and recess of the study. He tried the windows and found the blinds still locked.

"You see now what the ghost want with the key," he said to Nick. "The girl is gone!" He rushed down stairs.

to meet," he said. "Ponieny was to come at seven o'clock."

"Seven o'clock—it is about that time now!" exclaimed Harold.

"Yes; she may be just now gone. We may get there before they drive off. Come!"

He hurried out, followed by the others. There was a bright starlit sky overhead, for a crisp wind had swept away the clouds. Dr. Prudhomme and Harold were in the lead. In five minutes they had reached the foot of the orchard. In the shadow of the great trees they saw a vehicle with a large black horse attached. A man stood beside the horse. When they came up to him, he stepped out of the shadow, and stood before them.

"We want Irma Weir," said the panting sheriff. Bert Fontenoy looked at him haughtily and did not speak. "Where is Irma Weir?" asked Dr. Prudhomme.

Bert wheeled upon him fiercely. "Yes, where is she?" he echoed. "I ask that question of you. It is you who have kept her from coming to me. What right had you to do it?"

"He's just bluffing," interposed the deputy. The girl is hiding somewhere in these woods. I'll call my dog, and we'll soon have missy at bay."

"Dog yourself!" cried Bert, indignantly. "I'll teach you to speak with more respect of a lady too good for you to name!"

He caught up his riding-whip and raised it to inflict a blow on the fat shoulders of the deputy. But Vanhorn caught his arm.

"Stop," he said. "This man is an officer of the law. It is his business to trace and find and take into custody any who have broken that law. Irma Weir has broken it. She is a fugitive from justice. You may as well tell where she is hidden; it will be useless for her to try to escape."

"I have told you I do not know where she is. If I did, do you suppose I would tell you? You have no real, whatever legal, right, to arrest Irma Weir."

"Do you know her story? Has she told it to you?" asked Vane, with evident eagerness.

"She has told me her story," Bert answered, turning a scornful look on his questioner. "I know, too, the part taken in it by her pretended brother. I know she has done nothing to deserve punishment. A helpless, deceived girl has a right to defend herself against a villain who has trapped her into marrying him by false representations. If she is taken, I'll see that she gets justice, if justice is to be had. And I'll ferret out the mystery and jugglery there is in this affair if I bring and maintain persistence can do it."

Vanhorn changed color under the young man's fixed, stern look. Then he said hurriedly:

"This talk is all bosh! Connolly, get to business. Here is your dog. Set him to work. Hi! there comes Old Nick. What is that he is shouting?"

"The cry came to them distinctly now. 'Fire! De Grenadier's a-fire!'"

They turned their eyes in the direction of the tower. Smoke was pouring from the windows of the second story. Smoke was pouring from the windows of the second story. As they looked, a bright flame licked out its long tongue from one of the windows, quickly followed by another.

"It is Mort's work! My God! they will both be burned to death," cried Dr. Prudhomme. "They are locked up."

"Silence, fool," whispered Vanhorn in his ear. The long nails of the Hebrew printed themselves in the doctor's arm. Then he said aloud:

"There is no use to try to save the old tower. The dry logs will burn like tinder. The wretched lunatic has already been suffocated."

They were hurrying to the scene of the fire. A weird little figure came flying to meet them.

"Help her! Save her!" she cried, running up to Bert. "She is burning up!"

"Who? not Irma?"

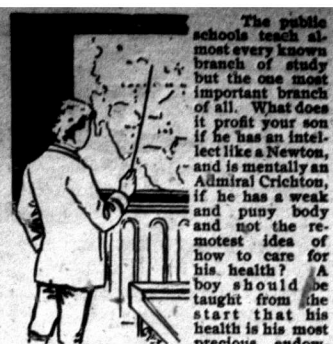
"Yes, Irma; she is up there in the Grenadier's head—in the secret story. I can't get to her. The second story is all a-blaze. There! don't you hear the scream? Is it Mort—the crazy hump-back—or is it her? Oh! Christ have mercy on Irma!"

She uttered the broken exclamation as she ran side by side with Bert. Harold was close behind.

As they neared the tower they saw plainly that nothing could save it from destruction. The wind was rising. The flames were issuing from the windows of the second story. They caught the outer walls and leaped upward triumphantly.

"Look! oh, look!" cried Dusky, pointing up.

At the window, at the top of the tower, just under its helmet roof, appeared a face. A cloud of smoke ob-



ment. Without health, all the talent, all the genius, and all the ambition in the world are worthless. A man can be taught that success in any walk of life, that happiness, and life itself, are dependent upon his care of his health.

When a man feels that he is losing his health and vigor, when his cheeks no longer glow, his step is no longer elastic and the sparkle of health is no longer in his eyes, he should work less, rest more and resort to the right remedy to restore his bodily vigor. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a natural medicine—a scientific medicine. It does no violence to nature. It works with and not against nature. It promotes the natural processes of secretion and excretion. It imparts vitality and power to the whole system. It gives plumpness and color to the cheeks, sparkle to the eyes, steadiness to the nerves, strength to the muscles and the animation of health to the whole body. It makes the appetite keen and hearty. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and nerve-tonic and restorative. Medicine dealers sell it and have absolutely nothing else "just as good."

"I was afflicted with pimples and boils, and running sores on face and neck," writes Robert S. Wert, Esq., of No. 615 Galloway Ave., Columbus, Ohio. "I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Pellets," and was cured."

Constipation is the commonest beginning and first cause of many serious diseases and it should always be treated with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets used in connection with the "Discovery." These are the most perfect natural laxatives and permanently cure.

ing the rescued man, and laid him down a few feet in front of Irma.

"Is he dead?" she asked anxiously. "No, he has only fainted," said Harold. "At least, I think so, for I feel a feeble pulsation of his heart; but he is the image of death. What is he? Who is he? Skeleton that he is, he has somehow a familiar look."

Irma did not reply. Dusky had gone over to the man and was drenching his face with water. In a little while he revived and looked about him intelligently. He was in truth almost a skeleton. He would not have weighed more than sixty pounds, yet he seemed once to have been a fleshy man, for the skin of his face and neck hung loose and flabby. He wore neat, clean underclothes, but his hair and beard were matted.

Bert came up and knelt down by Irma, and she lay with half-closed eyes and flushed cheeks, her long hair damp and curling from the water, which Dusky had liberally bestowed upon her face and head. He took her hands and pressed them to his breast.

"Brave, strong little hands!" he said. "My darling is a heroine. Thank God, she is saved!"

She lifted her eyes to him and smiled. "If you had not come to my help so soon, it would have been all over with us. I could not have held out after he fainted, he was such a dead weight."

"Who is he, Irma? He is the strangest-looking creature I ever saw." "I do not know who he is. I dare not tell you what I have imagined; you would think me crazy. Go and speak to him. Ask him who he is, is he conscious?"

"Yes; he is sitting up. He looks like one just risen from the grave. All but his eyes. They are glowing with life and excitement. He seems to have roused up from some brain lethargy."

"Where is Dr. Prudhomme?"

Neither he nor Michael Vanhorn was to be seen. The burly deputy was standing close by, wiping his steaming brow. Harold Vane was befitting over the recovered man, staring at him with a face full of wild bewilderment.

"Who are you?" he burst out at last.

The hollow eyes turned upon Vane and gazed at him fixedly.

"Who am I?" he said, in a husky, unequal tones. "I don't know—hardly. I used to be Solon Vanhorn."

"Solon Vanhorn! That can't be. Solon Vanhorn is dead! He is buried only a few yards from here."

"Then I must be his ghost. It seems to me I have been dead and buried.



I wanted never to hear of the girl again. I was in hopes she was dead and buried, or gone out of further hearing."

"You made great show of having her hunted down. Reward, detective, and all that?"

"You know why I did that. At first it was thought my brother would live. I knew it would gratify him to have his would-be murderer punished."

"Ah, yes! It would so gratify him he would take his bankrupt brother as partner of his rich business. He would have no wife as partner of his rich half no wife and child to be heir to his property. It would all go to his younger brother—you, Monsieur Vanhorn. It is all yours—money, and stocks, and lands. These very house and lands here—"

"You know that is not so. I gave you the mortgage on this place in consideration that you would do—you know what."

"Yes, I know it's compact. I wish many times and more it nevalre had been made. But it is too late now—too late! And I must do something for my child's sake. I want to go away from this place. Monsieur Vanhorn, I will sell it to you for one-fourth part of its value—all this thousand acres of so rich lands and splendid timber."

"We will talk of that afterwards; now for the matter in hand. This girl has turned up; with your usual propensity for bad luck you have managed to unearth her. I would have paid her to keep out of the way; but here you have allowed her to find out a secret that it was your vital interest to guard. She will not keep this secret, even if she could be bribed to do it. Women cannot keep secrets. She has probably a lover whom she is sure to communicate with. Is it not so?"

"Yes, she has a lover—young Fontenoy, of Hlyssandria."

"Son of Lafayette Fontenoy. I know his father; he hates me like poison; he would take pleasure in my ruin. That settles the girl's fate! I suppose the young man and his family know her only in her assumed character. She will have to be exposed, disgraced and her word made of no account. You say she knows there is somebody confined at the top of the tower; does she know or suspect who it is?"

"She saw his face at the window. The blind came unfastened with the wind. When I put the mesmeristic influence on her, she says, as answer to my question, 'The face looks like the man they told me was dead.'"

"That's enough, and too much. She goes to the penitentiary for manslaughter. Her fate be on your head, fruit of your carelessness! When I gave you that charge I thought you to have no further trouble—I thought—" "You thought I would take such little care that soon there would be no leevin's secret. But I am no murderer, Monsieur Vanhorn; and some constitution are verve tough."

"Well, you want money; you want to go away, and you cannot leave things in the tower as they are. If there should be an investigation and a grave should be opened, a body must be found there, you understand that?"

Emile Prudhomme turned a more livid pallor as the sharp, hard, fox-like eyes looked into his. His hand involuntarily clinched. It pierced him to the quick to be in subjection to this lower spirit. He had the instincts of honor and compassion, and his persistent evil luck had not quite crushed them out.

When his interlocutor repeated more emphatically, "You understand that?"

with the key, he said to Nick, "The girl is gone!" He rushed down stairs.

"Irma Weir is gone!" he exclaimed, bursting into the sitting room.

"Ah, ha! This is your doing. You have let her escape!" cried Vanhorn, springing from his seat.

"It is false! She has eloped with her lover—Fontenoy. I had found out her plot. I locked her up, but she—have got out, she has gone with him."

"Can't we follow them?" cried Vane, recovering from his amazement.

"How long have they been gone?"

"Only a little while. She was there not an hour ago."

"Then follow them, overtake them," said Vanhorn, scripping the Frenchman's shoulder and hissing in his ear, "or, by the soul of Moses, I will wind you up here in a week's time!"

"Come on," cried Harold. "Show us the way they went. The night is clear; we can follow them. Order horses at once!"

Dr. Prudhomme turned to Nick and directed him to saddle two horses and bring them to the foot of the orchard.

"That is the place where they were

If you cannot get beef, mutton will answer.

You may choose between milk, water, coffee or tea. But there is no second choice for Scott's Emulsion.

It is Scott's Emulsion or nothing.

When you need the best cod-liver oil, the best hypophosphites, and the best glycerine, all combined in the best possible manner, you have only one choice.

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lower, just under its helmet roof, appeared a face. A cloud of smoke obscured it for an instant, but when this cleared away, they recognized the face of Irma Weir.

White and spirit-like looked her face in the glare and wreathing smoke. She did not cry for help. She did not stretch her arms to those below. She knew they could not help her. No ladder could reach half-way to her. The staircase, the floors and walls beneath her were in flames. She was looking down at the branches of a pecan-tree some feet below her.

"Jump; catch the limbs! Is your only chance!" screamed Dusky.

But she turned away. For a moment she was not seen. The flames leaped higher. One, more greedy, licked the window that had just framed Irma's face. Bert groaned and felt despair in his heart.

"There she is!" some one cried. He uncovered his face and looked up. She was again at the window; but what face was that which showed over her shoulder? Was it a living thing—that ghastly face? Yes, there was life in the hollow eyes. Wild, eager, they shone in the strong illumination. Bony hands were locked tightly around Irma's waist. The skeleton was clinging to her!

"Shake him off! Try to save yourself," shouted Bert. He stood below with outstretched arms in the faint hope of saving her by catching her and breaking the fall.

She made no reply. Her white face was set and determined. She stood in the window. She gathered herself up for a spring down among the branches of the pecan-tree. It was just a chance that she might catch one of these as she went down. The huge trunk of the tree was twenty feet beyond the tower, but some of its boughs extended in the direction of the building reaching to the window and beyond it.

She raised her eyes in a mute prayer. She spoke to the creature clinging to her.

"Have courage! Hold fast!" those below heard her say. Then she leaped from the window. Her extended hands clutched at the limbs. She missed the first ones; but the leafy boughs half buoyed her for a second, and she caught a limb lower down. It bent under the double weight—bent its whole length down, and seemed ready to snap as she swung from it, clinging desperately with both hands. Below her was a larger limb; if she could but reach it with her feet! But no, it was not directly beneath her; it was a little distance beyond. A volume of black smoke poured out from the windows, hiding her for an instant. Those below heard a terrible sound—the cracking of the limb, and a cry of anxious dread escaped their lips. The smoke cleared away. She was seen boldly to swing herself by the breaking limb until her feet touched and clung to the larger limb. Still clinging to the half-split bough to steady herself, she planted both feet firmly upon the other, and moved along a step or two until she reached a fork of the limbs, where she sank down exhausted in the seat thus afforded.

A shout of relief and applause went up from below. Bert did not join in it. He had no breath to spare. Some one had brought a ladder. In an instant Bert had planted it against the tree. Snatching the rope which Dusky had been holding all the while, he sprang up the ladder and began to climb the tree. He drew himself up from limb to limb with the activity of a squirrel, until he reached the one that held Irma. He threw over her a noose of the rope. He drew it around the bodies of the two, and bracing himself against the trunk of the tree, he called to Irma to lower herself from the limb she sat upon and trust to the rope. The smoke and heat were suffocating, the leaves were shriveling around her, but she still had strength and presence of mind enough to obey him. Holding to the limb she let herself gently down by the rope in the hands of her lover. Carefully he lowered the double weight to the ground nearly forty feet below.

They gathered around them. Dusky, always ready, had a gourd of fresh water, and the scorched and half-fainting girl was revived. The bony hands still clung to her, though their owner was unconscious. He had swooned through the heat and suffocation. It was now seen that she had bound him to her. She had torn a strong strip of the sheet, passed it around his waist and here and knotted it firmly so that he would not have fallen if his hold had relaxed. Harold quickly unfastened the knot and released Irma. He lifted her in his arms, and half carried, half supported her a little distance away from the smoke and heat of the burning pile. He laid her here on the cool, thick grass, and Dusky sat down by her and bathed her burning face and eyes. Nick followed bear-

only a few yards from them. "Then I must be his ghost. It seems to me I have been dead and buried. But no; I am no ghost. I am a live man—a free man! My head is getting right. My brain is clearing up. Come here, you man. Connolly is your name. You know me. Isn't my name Vanhorn? Am I Solon Vanhorn, or am I not?"

"I'm blessed if you ain't Solon and nobody else! I know that nose! But you've been through the rubbers, old man; blamed if you ain't. You look used up. Alive! And we huntin' up your murderer. Where's Michael? He'll be dumfounded and overjoyed at this queer turning out!"

"Oh, ho! No doubt he will," chuckled the skeleton. "Grieved mightily over my death, did he. Was he in hunting up my murderer, was he? Bring him to me and let me embrace him and take him into partnership!"

The sardonic grin on his skinny face was ghastly to see. Harold understood it, though the dull-witted deputy did not. He understood that Michael Vanhorn had kept his brother in secret confinement and reported his death that he might get possession of his property. He had confidently expected Solon Vanhorn's death to take place. The wound and the fever that followed had weakened him to a child in mind and body. But he had lived. His strong constitution had triumphed. Would he expose his brother? Harold wondered. He knew the Hebrew clannishness—their jealousy of outside scrutiny and interference—their reluctance to expose to alien eyes any of the wrong-doings that might take place within the pale of sect. This feeling would be stronger than fraternal regard or family pride. Vane tested him by a question.

"What was your motive for this strange piece of deception, Mr. Vanhorn?"

The resurrected man turned his eyes sharply upon him.

"That is my business," he said, with the old apathy. "I had reasons—private reasons."

Michael, skulking in the shadow behind the bushes, heard these words and was reassured.

Solon still had his eyes upon Vane. "Who are you?" he asked presently. "I am the detective employed by your brother to hunt for Irma Weir?" "Irma Weir? Where is she? It was Irma Weir that saved me to-night. I knew her face, I knew her voice. Where is she?"

Why a Death Mask Couldn't Be Made.

A well known author owned a remarkable collection of death masks of distinguished men. Having heard that a certain foreigner had made by permission a mask of the late French president, he wrote and courteously asked if a replica of it might be secured. A reply was soon received couched in very brusque language to the effect that no replica would be furnished, but that the original mask might be purchased of him for \$200. Whereupon the author sat down and wrote the following letter:

DEAR SIR—I am in receipt of your note in which you decline to allow me to make any offer for a replica of your death mask of Carnot, but offer to sell me the original for \$200. I fear that my collection must remain without the mask in question, also of any mask of yourself, for I feel certain that when the time comes for the making of the latter there will not be clay enough available to cover your cheek. Very truly yours,

—Strand Magazine.

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Heals and Soothes the delicate tissues of the Throat and Lungs.

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### Wheat

and all kinds of grain wanted at Dafeo's Big Mill, Nanpess. Highest cash price paid 85c for good Spring Wheat and having an order for several cars of splendid wheat will pay as high as 65c for good samples.

I also want bright barley to fill an order and it will pay you to sell yours and buy colored barley to feed.

Bring on your gristing. Feed ground fine on short notice. Wheat exchanged for flour. I give 35 lbs onesuch for standard wheat and 37 Ontario wheat flour for standard and other grades in proportion to value. Bring your samples and get prices.

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Lemons and Oranges 15c. a doz. at J. F. SMITH'S.

For up to date photos, and photos that will please you, go to Hulet's studio.

Gaw & Co's planing factory, Kingston, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday. Loss, \$10,000.

Isaac Brock Ostrom, who as a child was dandied by General Brock in 1812, died at Sidney, Ont., this week.

A large number from Nanpess attended the Giesha at Kingston on Wednesday evening. The B. of Q. ran a special train.

The Boyle bottom milk can is now the best known can made. Everyone who wants a good can buys the Boyle bottom. Sold only by **BOYLE & SON.**

A handsome beveled show case, the workmanship of W. T. Crouch, was placed in the The Plaza barber shop this week. It is coming in for a good deal of admiration. Another fine hydraulic chair has also been added.

Go to J. S. Hulet's and see all the latest improvements of importance in Bicycle construction, combined in one wheel. Although the rider of a Racycle need take nobody's dust the bearings are perfectly dust proof. No dismounting for grades. No stretching chain.

Come and be fitted by the only competent optician in the county. Always fitting difficult cases after others have failed. Sole agents for Lemaire's famous French Crystal Lenses, the best in the world. No charge for testing. A. F. CHINNECK, at CHINNECK'S jewelry Store.

The Ontario Minister of Agriculture warns butter makers against the use of preservatives, which are nearly all mixtures of boracic acid. A movement is on foot to exclude all butter from Britain in which traces of these preservatives are found.

Mrs. N. J. Leslie, of Hinchinbrooke, sued Jno. Dear to recover \$2,000 for a sprained ankle, caused by her being thrown from her rig, her horse taking fright at some boulders placed on the side of the road by Mrs. Dear. The jury awarded her \$87.75.

NANPESSE EXPRESS: "A Belleville preacher has commenced a tirade against the use of tobacco. He would be just as profitably engaged butting his head against a stone wall." Let him preach the gospel and perhaps in this way he would persuade men to give up the useless and expensive habit. —Picton Gazette.

Bright's Disease Beaten. Mrs. John Hook, 3 Edward Street, St. Thomas, Ont., writes: "Doan's Kidney Pills cured my son of incipient Bright's Disease. He had terrible backaches and night sweats, and always felt tired and worn. His nerves were unstrung, his sleep bad and no appetite. He commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills and is now completely cured."

On Sunday Edmund Johnston Sissons died at Belleville. He was 81 years of age and was born in Ireland. He came to Ontario in 1834 and settled in Nanpess, where he remained for a number of years. Later he went home and returned with a wife, settling in Belleville. He was a veteran of 1837, having held the rank of captain of the Lennox & Addington militia. He was one of the oldest Knights Templar in Belleville, having joined Union Lodge in Nanpess, in the year 1864.

### He Paid For The Fun.

A widower from the County of Frontenac, who attends the market regularly, had quite an experience with a married woman in the city. Frequently he sold her produce and delivered it. On discovering that he had no wife, the woman teased him about getting married. She was quite jolly with him, and he took the liberty of kissing her once. Nothing further transpired. She took the matter coolly, and again she bought produce from him. On delivering it she asked him his name in full. He told it and the next day he received a letter summoning him to a lawyer's office. Here he learned he had to pay for the fun of "bussing" a married woman. He settled for \$65, and now he does not notice women. He thinks the job was put up on him from the start. "It was a successful scheme to raise 'the wind.'" —Kingston News.

Go to Smith's for lemons, bananas and oranges.

### The Schedule.

A meeting of the executive committee of the Quinte District Association foot ball league was held here on Saturday afternoon. C. L. Bass, of Kingston, president of the league was in attendance. The following schedule was agreed upon:

April 20, at Deseronto—Nanpess.  
April 30, at Kingston—Sydenham.  
May 7, at Sydenham—Deseronto.  
May 6 or 7, at Kingston—Nanpess.

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J. N. Osborne solicits a call from friends and strangers. Easy shave, delightful shampoo, up-to-date hair cut. If

### To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. 17-ly

### Mortar for Sale.

The undersigned has a quantity of mixed mortar, ready to use, for sale at 25c per bushel. Fixing Chimneys as well. **JAMES BOYD, Mill st.**

### Metallic Roofing.

I have a fine line of metallic roofing and ceilings which I am offering at reasonable rates. For particulars apply at my residence, Centre street. **MILTON JACKSON.**

### Meetings Continued.

The gospel temperance meetings will be continued next Sunday afternoon at 4.15 p.m., in the R. T. of T. Block. Miss Adams, Miss Allen, and Mr. Perry will assist.

### The Monarch Bicycles.

The lowest priced high grade wheel in the market, manufactured by one of the wealthiest bicycle manufacturing companies in the States. Come and see our wheel before buying. **F. CHINNECK'S Jewelry store.**

### Joined the Benedicts.

Mr. Arthur Plumley was united in wedlock to Miss Alice Miller, of Nanpess, on Wednesday. Both the young people are well and favorably known in town and we unite with their many friends in wishing them a long and prosperous married life.

### Crossed the Great Divide.

After a protracted illness of consumption Arthur M. Smith, aged 23 years, passed quietly away at the Kingston General Hospital on Tuesday. He was a son of Thos. Smith, of Nanpess, and a printer by trade. Deceased worked for a time on the Express and the Beaver, and was much esteemed by his wide circle of acquaintances. The remains were removed to Nanpess on Tuesday and the funeral took place to the western cemetery yesterday.

### Hymenial.

A quiet wedding was solemnized at Kingston on Tuesday when Mr. Chas. E. Lowry, of North Fredericksburgh, was united in wedlock to Miss Ella, second daughter of Mr. George Richardson, of North Fredericksburgh. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. E. Starr. Miss Frankie Richardson, of Nanpess, acted as bridesmaid, while Mr. Archie Arney did the honors as best man. The bride was attired in a neat travelling suit of blue, and looked charming. The Express extends congratulations.

### Easter Exams.

S. S. No. 1, South Fredericksburgh. Fifth Class—Total 1,100. Iolene Haight 800. Fourth Class sr.—Total 900. Lawrence Wright 716, Roderick Wright 620. Fourth Class jr.—Total 800. Annie Haight Wilfred Haight 554. Third Class—Total 500. William Tibbett 351, Blanche Peters 304, Irvin Reed 262. Second Class—Total 400. Almata Silis 283, Mabel Peters 280, Emma Hines 267, Jessie Higgins 256. Second Class (Cont.) Harold Haight 252, Delbert Higgins 244, Florence Hines 226, James Hines 129, Percy Reed 126, P. Second.—Mabel Silis, Malcolm McKeever, Clemon Hines, Fannie Wilson. First Class—Frank Tibbett, Ida McKeever, Jennie Phipps, Ellen Wilson, Ira Reed, Robert Wilson, Albert Wilson.

**E. ROBERTSON, Teacher.**

### A Case at Wilton.

A sensational story of a criminal assault comes from Wilton. The affair occurred about a week ago. A married man, well-known, respected, and prosperous, entered a neighbor's house where he was thoroughly acquainted with all the members of the family. It is alleged that he seized a sister-in-law of the owner of the house, and subjected her to most brutal usage. In the struggle the girl's clothing was torn from her person. Her screams alarmed her brother-in-law, a young man, who at once

By the greatest palmist reader of the age. One trial will convince you by calling on Madame Wood, at I. Luffman's, Mill street.

### Nanpess Wood Yard

Corner Mill and Robinson street, hard, soft, cut, or in cordwood, Trenton dry edgings and blocks. Reasonable rates. A call solicited. Wood delivered free to all parts of the town. **S. J. HOWARD,** Telephone 81.

### Concert and Organ Recital.

Mr. Harold Jarvis, Tenor, of Detroit, Toronto's popular singer, assisted by Miss Florence Macpherson, contralto, and Miss Lillian M. Hall, organist and accompanist, will give a concert and organ recital in the E. M. Church on Friday evening April 29th. General admission 25c and 35c. Plan open Tuesday 26th inst. at the office of W. F. Hall.

### Are you Alive.

If not, will some kind friend send us a notice of your obituary that we may strike your name from the list of our customers, for we only want to deal with people who are alive to the fact that to be in the race they must see well. If you have the faintest suspicion that your eyes are not just right it is best to have them examined, as the longer they are deprived of the aid required, the weaker they become. The wrong glasses will ruin the sight, the right ones strengthen it. SMITH, the optician, guarantees to fit the right glasses. A thoroughly scientific examination free of charge. **SMITH'S JEWELLERY STORE.**

### Life's Dream is O'er.

Shortly after six o'clock on Saturday evening last the spirit of Herbert Root winged its way to the great beyond and his pain wracked body was at peace. "Herb" as he was familiarly called by his host of friends, was a bright, obliging, unselfish boy and the world is certainly the better for his having lived in it. He was an optimist and always looked on the bright side of the shield. All through his severe illness he uttered no murmur of complaint and his invariable reply to any inquiry as to his health was a cheery smile and a "Oh, I'm all right." When he was informed a few days prior to his death, he could not get better he accepted the situation philosophically, and the day preceding his death he told his mother not to weep for him, "for he would be better off." His thoughts up to the last were of those he was leaving behind and not of himself. Up to his last illness Herb had been an employee of THE EXPRESS, having worked at the printing trade in this office for about three years. Last fall he was taken down with typhoid fever and never fully recovered from the effects of it. About two months ago he was forced to quit work, owing to an affection of the lungs. He visited the Kingston General hospital, but medical skill was powerless to prevent the progress of the disease and after two weeks sojourn in that institution he returned home to die. A few days prior to his death he suffered much pain, the swelling in his feet developing into blood poisoning. He bore his illness with great fortitude and passed peacefully away in the full hope of a glorious resurrection. Deceased was 17 years and 7 months of age and his untimely demise will be greatly regretted. The funeral took place from his father's residence, Water street, on Monday and was largely attended. The Rev. Dr. Crothers conducted the services. His fellow employees in the Express Office acted as pall bearers. The remains were placed in the vault in the Western cemetery.

### A Gala Day at Bath.

Saturday and Sunday last were red letter days in the history of the English church of this place. Flags were seen flying early on Saturday, and any strangers would soon perceive that something unusual was afoot. It was the occasion of a visit in his official capacity of Arch-Bishop Lewis, who, on his arrival by the Steamer Hero, was met by a deputation and escorted to the Parish hall, where, after partaking of a cup of tea, an address of welcome was read by Dr. Northmore, and to which His Grace responded. On Sunday morning a confirmation service was held in St. John's church. There were forty-seven candidates, viz: Bath forty-one and Amherst Island six. A procession was formed from the school house preceded by a banner and on arrival at the church the choir struck up the well known hymn "Onward Christian Soldiers." His Grace delivered an impressive charge to confirmers. The Bath female candidates were dressed in white and veiled, which gave a very bright aspect to the sacred service. The church was crowded to overflowing, scores remaining

## The Napanee Express

NAPANEE, FRIDAY, APRIL 22, 1898]

All local reading notices or notices announcing entertainments at which a fee is charged for admission, will be charged 50 per line, for each insertion, if in ordinary type. In black type the price will be 10c per line each insertion.

Grinding every day at Close's Mills.

The open season for bass opens on June 16th.

Alexander Tait and Annie Losce, of Picton, were married on the 7th inst.

For your general hardware and building supplies try **Boyle & Son.**

Wm. McQuoid, Brighton, was married to Bertha Huff, Huff's Island, on the 6th ult.

You may catch brook trout on and after May 1st. There is no saying that you will, however.

Picton has a six year old bicycle scorchers who recently wheeled from that town to Deseronto in two hours.

The Picton band gave its first open air concert for the season last week. It is about time our band followed suit.

Window blinds in various colors, one yard wide, nearly two yards long, mounted, 25 cents each, at **POLLARD'S BOOKSTORE.**

Mrs. John McDonald, wife of the late John McDonald, of Clareview, Sheffield township, died at Maple Lake, Minnesota, on March 31st.

Allan Robinson, aged 10 years, is in the Kingston general hospital with a fractured skull as the result of a stone thrown from a sling. He may die.

The Kingston News says: A number of wheelmen went to Napanee on Sunday. There was no less than seventeen at dinner in the Campbell House.

**HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL** is prompt to relieve and cure coughs, colds, sore throat, pain in the chest, hoarseness, quinsy, etc. Price 25c.

The self made man was speaking. He said: My father was a raiser of hogs, there was a large family of us. And then his voice was drowned by the applause.

The Deseronto authorities are determined to put a stop to profanity on the public streets. Three youths figured in a police court case last week as a starter.

The council at its last meeting generously granted the street committee power to hire a second man on the streets. Some were in favor of calling for tenders. The man gets \$1 per day.

The Deseronto Tribune thus forcibly brings the matter home: Do not let us hear any more ridicule of the spring cleaning. It is said the spring cleaning on the Yukon will realize \$10,000,000.

Belleville aldermen call one another puppies and other endearing terms when they are discussing matters at the city council. They'll be making sausage of one another some of these days.

Last week Fred Solmes had the end of two fingers cut off by a joiner in the Deseronto sash factory. One day last week Chas. H. Scott had his hand seriously cut by a belt in the terra otta works.

Poor old Toronto. Every girl who commits bigamy, larceny, or dies from the effects of a criminal operation, in any of the frontier cities in the United States is announced as belonging to the Queen city.

The Deseronto Tribune says: "An Elzevir woman was arrested and sent to Tweed for stealing a two cent soap dish from Huyck's hotel in Tweed." The punishment more than equalled the offence.

Word was received here on the 12th inst. of the death at Travers City, Mich., of Mrs. Adam Ming. The remains were brought to Coburne, Ont., for interment. Herman Ming, and Dr. Ming, of Napanee, attended the funeral. The deceased lady with her husband and two children, visited friends here last summer.

May 6 or 7, at Kingston—Napanee.  
May 14, at Napanee—Sydenham.  
May 21, at Kingston—Deseronto.  
May 27, at Sydenham—Napanee.  
June 4, at Deseronto—Kingston.  
June 10, or 11, at Napanee—Deseronto.  
June 11, at Sydenham—Kingston.  
June 18, at Deseronto—Sydenham.  
June 25, at Napanee—Kingston.

It was thought Newburgh would enter the league this year but they failed to do so.

### Wedding Bells.

Miss Cassie Henrietta Davy and Austin Morley Fraser, Odessa, were married by the Rev. W. B. Secombe, on Wednesday evening, April 13th, at the bride's father's residence in the presence of immediate relatives of the contracting parties. Frederick R. Carcassal, Napanee, groomsmen, and Miss Sidoana Davy, bridesmaid, performed their duties in a creditable way. The bride was charmingly attired in a dress of cream colored satin cloth, tastefully trimmed with ribbons and pearls, veil and orange blossoms completing the pretty picture. The bridesmaid sparkled in emerald green satin cloth, lace and ribbons. The supper was bounteous and excellent, and the presents substantial tokens of respect. The groom, only son of Jas. C. and Mrs. Fraser, York road, is one of Ernestown's sturdy young farmers and well liked. The bride, second daughter of H. S. and Mrs. Davy, is a songstress of high attainment, and a general favorite. Her solo work in the Methodist church choir and on concert platforms for the past nine years has been much appreciated, and it is hoped the church of her choice will not now be deprived of her faithful, cheerful service. They took the train at Napanee on an extended trip through eastern Canada and have the best wishes of many friends.—Com.

### Asenath Mahala Wright.

The spirit of this venerable old lady passed away, at the residence of her son-in-law, Thomas S. Irvine, near Melville on Monday, April 11th, 1898, at the advanced age of 86 years. The deceased had a strong, robust constitution, and until a few years ago scarcely knew what it was to be ill. The late Mrs. Wright was the second daughter of the late R. J. Clute, was a native of Prince Edward, was born in the year 1812, in Hallowell, and was united in marriage to her late husband—whom she survived a number of years—in early life. They were residents of the county for a number of years, but subsequently removed to the township of Murray, where they remained until the family, where they were, at a later date, returned to the county. The deceased was the mother of twelve children, nine of whom still survive, viz: R. J. Wright, Napanee; Mrs. O. Dingman, Picton; William, who remained with the old lady; George C. and Mrs. D. Powell, Manitoba; Mrs. T. S. Irvine and Mrs. S. Weeks, Hillier; Maitland D., of Ontario, California; and Mrs. Wm. Bush, Murray. Mrs. Wright, from early womanhood, was a faithful and consistent member of the Methodist church, and died enjoying the assurance of her full acceptance into the company of the redeemed. Her three daughters—Mrs. Dingman, Mrs. Weeks, Mrs. Irvine—and her son, William, were present at her bedside when her spirit took its flight. She retained consciousness to the last, and while sorrowing at her departure from her children, was yet happy at the consciousness of being released from pain and suffering. The funeral took place at 2 o'clock p.m., yesterday, the remains being interred beside those of her husband, near the Bowerman church, Hillier. The large attendance attested the great esteem in which she was held by her near neighbors and a large circle of relatives.—Picton Gazette.

C. L. Shannon has in stock an extra fine grade of Timothy. All kinds of Clover, red, mammoth large, late, Alfalfa, Alsike and White. Red Top and Orchard, and the celebrated Queen City Lawn Grass. Also Bradley's Lawn Fertilizers, 1 lb sufficient for 66 feet square of ground. Bulk garden seeds, all new and much cheaper than in previous years. 22 lbs. Granulated Sugar \$1; 27 lbs Brown Sugar \$1.15

### Dr. Wilson's Asthma Remedy

Gives relief in Five Minutes

A Boon to those suffering with Asthma

SOLD AT

Detlor's Medical Hall.

brother-in-law, a young man, who at once followed the miscreant to his home, whither he had fled. There he inflicted upon him considerable punishment, using his heavy boots freely and with considerable effect. The guilty man admitted his crime, begged forgiveness, and tendered \$100, \$200 and \$300 successively, as indemnification. These sums were refused and the intervention of a Napanee lawyer sought. Finally a settlement was effected for the sum of \$400. The news of the affair spread by degrees till it reached the ears of the pastor of the church which the guilty party attended, and it is said that he has been ostracised from the church.—Kingston Times.

### Must Comply with the Regulations.

A meeting of the Board of License Commissioners of Lennox was held in the town Hall, Napanee, on Tuesday. Fifteen petitions for hotel licenses were filed, and of this number but four were granted. Mrs. Wheeler, of the Queen's hotel, Napanee, was granted a license, but the other six hotels were allowed to sizzle on the gridiron.

It is not the intention of the Commissioners to curtail the number of licenses in Napanee, but before any of the hotels are granted the privilege of selling stimulating beverages to thirsty wayfarers, they must first comply with the regulations laid down by the board, so we are told. As the licenses expire on the first of May, our local bonifaces will have to get "a move on," so to speak. The regulations do not entail the moving of the bars so as to front the street as in Lennox that only applies to hotels outside of Napanee. W. K. Fruyn was granted a shop license for the ensuing year. The hotel at Robin, and the two hostleries at Bath had their licenses renewed, but the Odessa and Amherst Island men are in the same condition as their brethren in Napanee. The application of Norman Rikley for a tavern license for the hotel premises situated in the village of Adolphstown, was refused. Mr. Rikley's application was accompanied by a petition containing 71 names, but as the petition only called for a wine and beer license, it was thought that a number of the petitioners would not have signed their names had they known it was a tavern license that was to be applied for, so the application went by the board. Another meeting of the board will be held shortly.

### The Ponton Case.

The motion of the Dominion Bank to change the venue of W. H. Ponton's \$50,000 suit against it, from Napanee to Toronto, or such other place as might be deemed suitable, was argued before the Master-in-Chambers at Osgoode Hall, Toronto last week. A. B. Aylsworth, Q. C., appeared for the Bank, and Mr. Holman for Ponton. A large number of affidavits, pro and con, were put in. Mr. Aylsworth was of the opinion that a trial of the case at Napanee would be a travesty of justice. Tuesday morning the Master-in-Chambers handed out his judgment. The Master grants the application, and fixes the venue at Belleville, the trial, however, not to come on at the first assize sittings. The Master thinks that the population of Napanee was aroused against the United States detectives employed by the bank, and against Inspector Bogart. The Master believes this feeling still exists, because they are witnesses for the bank, and it will only require their appearance on the scene to cause the same intense excitement as was shown at the trial. "Napanee papers," says the judgment, "have since the trial printed everything that could be gathered relating to the matter, and I think it cannot be denied that the news so printed has been more favorable to the plaintiff than to the bank." One thing proven by the large number of affidavits filed is that the matters in issue are widely known throughout the county, and discussion as to the same has been very free. The cross examination of seven or eight of these deponents to my mind indicates that among a large number of people the only question they consider should be decided is as to the amount of damages for which the bank should be assessed. Having read over the affidavits and dispositions I am of opinion that this is not a case where the bank would feel they were receiving a fair trial at Napanee. I suggested Hastings County; the defendants agreed, but the plaintiff objected, and said he would not care to go to trial on the first Assize sittings in Belleville. But in my opinion, change should be made from Napanee to Belleville. The order will go, changing the venue from Napanee to Belleville, on condition that the trial does not come on at the first sitting, the bank to pay all extra costs of the change as agreed.

Go to Smith's for lemons, bananas and oranges.

crowded to overflowing, scores remaining outside, and many being turned away. In the evening the Arch-bishop preached a scholarly and an eloquent sermon which enchanted all. The church again was crowded. The service was choral and the anthem, "Why Seek ye the Living Among the Dead," was sweetly rendered by the choir. Too much praise cannot be given Miss Rouse, the able organist of St. John's, for the able manner in which she conducted the musical part of the services. The visit of His Grace will not be forgotten soon, and it has given new vigor to the church people. It is more than probable that the foundation stone of the new rectory will be laid by His Grace, and the day will be observed as a "gala day," when several other eminent church dignitaries and laymen will be present. On Sunday, May 1st, a deputation from the St. Andrew's Brotherhood of Napanee will deliver short addresses at the evening service, 7.30 p.m. An after meeting will be held for men only. All welcomed.

### Harold Jarvis

"The night's particular star was of course, Mr. Harold Jarvis, whose rendering of 'The Death of Nelson,' was something to talk about. He was in superb voice, and put lots of tone into his singing."—World, April 20th.

### Eastern Meth. Church

"Owing to length of the programme, encores were wisely declined in the great majority of instances, but the demands were so emphatic that Mr. Harold Jarvis, who was in splendid voice, was compelled to respond with 'Who Wad Nae Dee for Charlie' as an encore to 'The Death of Nelson.'—Globe, April 20th.

### Friday eve, April 29th

Will this be the Spanko-American war. Miss Mabel Deleigh died at Harlowe this week.

A successful social was held in the W. M. church last evening.

John Hill is pushing a 100 geared E&D bicycle this season.

A merchant in Thursday's Whig, advertises a startling novelty in Gent's furnishings.

John Chatterson says it takes twice the amount of water to keep the streets sprinkled this year as there are so many scorches they dry up the roads.

## NEW GOODS ARRIVING DAILY....

Our importations for for spring are arriving daily and we are able to show the latest colorings and designs.

### Spring Suitings Overcoatings

and the newest styles in Hats and Furnishings.

No trouble to replace stock.

## D. J. Hogan & SON.

Sole agents for the Wilkinson and Henry Carter Hats

### Skin Eruptions Cured for 35 Cents—Relief in a Day.

Eczema, tetter, salt rheum, barber's itch and all itching and burning skin diseases vanish where Dr. Agnew's Ointment is used. It relieves in a day and cures quickly. No case of piles which an application will not comfort in a few minutes. If you have used high priced ointments without benefit, try Dr. Agnew's ointment.



Archib Patterson, a former typo in the Express office, was married at Parry Sound last week.

Harry Mowers returned to Napanee last week after an extended visit in Manitoba.

Mrs. B. S. Peters, of Thorpe, was in town on Saturday.

Mr. Peter Shane, of the Herald, and Wm. Musser, of the Standard of Watertown, are spending a few days in town. Mr. Shane learned his trade in THE EXPRESS office.

Mrs. E. A. Benson left Monday per steamer Deseronto on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. L. F. Moore, Napanee, and other friends at that place. She also intended visiting her nephew, Mr. Stanley Valteau, Deseronto, whose daughter Miss Ethel, is very ill.—Miss Pearl Taylor, of Napanee, was the guest of her aunt, Miss Sheriff Gillespie, during the holidays.—Mrs. Sheriff Gillespie spent a few days in Napanee this week.—Picton Times.

Mr. Dougall Dingman is expected here in a few days, and will shortly proceed to put Glen Island in ship shape for the coming summer.—Picton Gazette.

Mrs. Ezra Mallory, of Adolphustown, left last week to visit relatives in California.

Miss Mamie Mallory, of Dorland, is recovering from a protracted illness.

Mr. F. Membray, of Dorland, is recovering from a severe illness.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Gibbard celebrated their china wedding on Tuesday evening. It is the earnest wish of their many friends in town that they may be spared to celebrate their diamond wedding.

Mr. John Metzler was at home to a number of her friends on Monday afternoon.

Walter Bruton who left for British Columbia has a lucrative position with the C.P.R. at McLeod.

Councillor Alexander will occupy the residence lately vacated by Mr. Robert Webster.

Ernest Hall has secured a situation as purser on one of the R. & O. Navigation Steamers and will leave shortly to occupy it.

Mr. Harvey Warner returned last week from a pleasant trip to New York, Providence, Washington and other American cities. He visited the House of Representatives while at the Capital and heard the debate on the President's message. Mr. Warner says the better element in Washington are adverse to war.

We are informed that Jas. Reid, M.P.P. for Addington, is critically ill with hemorrhage of the lungs and pneumonia.

D. A. Vallan returned to his duties at the Bay of Quinte station this week, after being laid up for a few days. Mr. Kenny, of Marlbank, was in charge of the office during Dave's enforced absence.

James Madigan, of Camden, gave us a call on Saturday.

Mrs. Jas. Lee and family moved into A. Leard's house on Robinson st. this week.

Mr. Marshal Maybee and wife, of Madoc, were the guests of his brother Mr. Geo. E. Maybee on Sunday last.

Mr. Geo. E. Maybee is improving rapidly and will be able to be around on crutches next week.

Rev. Caleb Parker preached at both services in Sydenham Street Methodist Church, Kingston, on Sunday last.

Mrs. Boyes and son, of Prescott are the guests of her father, Mr. Garrett Vanaelstine, Palace Road.

The marriage of M. W. Simpkins, of Newburgh is reported.

Mr. F. F. Miller returned from Montreal this week.

Mr. Wm. Miller is now pronounced out of danger, and is progressing rapidly towards recovery.

Albert Parks, of Greta, is in a critical state of health and but slight hopes are entertained of his recovery.

Mrs. John Clapp, of Picton, was in town on Monday attending the funeral of her nephew, Herbert Root.

Mr. Jno. Brown, of Picton, was in town on Monday attending the funeral of his nephew Herbert Root.

J. H. Madden, Napanee, was in Toronto this week.

Percy Asseltine, of Kingston, has been spending a few days in town.

R. Madden, of Newburgh, was operated upon in the Kingston General Hospital last week for a cataract on the eye.

The Rev. J. E. Starr, of Kingston, delivered an eloquent and instructive address in the western church on Sunday evening.

Wm. Woodhouse, of Yarker, was presented with an easy chair by the members of the Epworth League of that place last week.

Miss M. E. Waddell, of West Plain, has left for San Francisco.

Mr. Jno. Ham, of Boston, is renewing old acquaintances in town.

Mr. Mell Nixon has left for St. Thomas where he has secured a position with the Rose Importing Co.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Morden, of Picton, spent a few days in town this week.

Dr. Cook, of Toronto, was in town this week.

Mrs. J. H. Kilpatrick, of Kingston, is the guest of their daughter, Mrs. Jas. Gordon, Thos. St.

Mr. and Mrs. Byard Young left for Mount Clemens, Mich. on Monday. We hope Mr. Young will be benefitted by the change.

Mrs. Jemmet, of Prescott, is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Mill.

Miss Senna and Cella Dey, of Brockville, are visiting friends in town.

Wm. Light left for British Columbia this week.

John A. Shilday Yarker's veteran J. P. was in town this week.

Mrs. Wesley Dies, of Trenton, is the guest of Mrs. Frank Bowen, Mill st.

Rev. W. W. Wang, of Camden East, has given up his ministerial duties for a time owing to ill health. He left for his home near Toronto this week.

Miss Bertie Graham is visiting friends in Belleville.

Mrs. Phoebe Brown has returned to her home in Milford after an extended visit with friends in Napanee.

# The Popular Dry Goods House !

For Saturday, April 23rd  
THREE SPECIALS.

20 Doz. Ladies' Cashmerette Hose, 2 Pairs for 15c  
Seamless, USUAL PRICE 15c A PAIR, SATURDAY

10 Doz. Men's Braces, 25c Quality 11c  
SATURDAY.....

10 Doz. Men's Knitted Top Shirts 29c  
USUAL PRICE, 45c TO 50c, SATURDAY  
AT 9.30 A. M. SHARP.

PARASOLS, must be bought soon. Let us convince you that this is the place to buy them. That means looking at them early, seeing is believing. We have the Parasols you will look for, and the prices are the kind you like. You will find us quick and glad to show them and wait your own time to buy.

ABOUT CLOTHING, READY-MADE As a usual thing our stock is largest. This year it certainly is, but it has other and better features. We want you to know that in GOOD CLOTHING

We have the best value in Men's Suits.  
We have the best value in Boy's Suits.  
We have the best value in Bicycle Suits.

You've seen in any place or any season.

Again, Seeing is believing--Come and See.

**Sahery & McKenty**  
NAPANEE

FIRST-CLASS PANT HANDS WANTED

## The Docket.

The spring Assizes for the County of Lennox & Addington will open at the Court House here on Monday, before Mr. Justice Rose. The docket is an interesting one and in addition to the civil cases, the case of the Queen vs. Isaac McEwen, charged with stealing letters, is set down for trial but will likely be laid over until the sessions. The following is the docket :

### JURY CASES.

Perry vs. Benn.—An action for slander brought by Wm. L. Perry, of Moscow, against Stover Benn, of Moscow. Herriott & Warner appear for the plaintiff and

## TOWN COUNCIL.

{ Council Chamber  
{ April 18th, 1898.

Council met in regular session, Mayor Jamieson presiding, present Madole, S. R. Miller, F. F. Miller, Aylesworth, Vandusen, Alexander, Leonard, Dey.

The minutes of last regular and special meeting were read and confirmed.

A petition was received signed by the requisite number of ratepayers asking that a walk be put down outside of the trees on the north side of Water street and between Centre and Robert streets. It was referred

## Church of England Notes.

PARISH OF CAMDEN.—Services on Sunday next.—St John's, Newburgh, Morning prayer, and Holy Communion, 10.30; St. Luke's, Camden East, 3 o'clock; St. Anthony, Yarker, 7 o'clock; St. Jude, Napanee, 7 o'clock.

PARISH OF BATH AND MISSION OF ERNESBURN.—2nd Sunday after Easter. St. John's Bath, 9.45 Sunday school, 11 a.m. Matins with sermon, 7 p.m. Evensong with sermon, a memorial service. St. Alban's Odessa, 10.30 a.m. Matins with celebration



Minister after an extended visit with friends in Napanee.

Mrs. Green, of Napanee, spent Easter week with Mrs. Nelson Mallory, of Adolphustown.

The following from Napanee attended the Guelph, at Kingston on Wednesday evening: Chas. Boyes, Miss Herring, Fred Scott, Miss Myrtle Scott, J. W. Robinson and wife, Mrs. D. McNaughton, and Messrs. W. T. Waller, E. J. Pollard, R. J. Dickenson, Jno. Neilson, Ed. Huff, Frank Lee, Wm. Maybee and others.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Finkle, Newburgh, and Mrs. Tobey, of Yarker, attended the Guelph at Kingston on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. F. Duplessis returned home to Syracuse, N. Y. after spending a month's visit with her mother Mrs. S. M. Parks, Napanee, who is seriously ill.

Alex. Kerr returned from a lecturing tour in Leeds this week.

Mr. F. W. Morris, Napanee, who is a United States pensioner, has secured a certificate that he is incapacitated for active duty. In the event of war he will not be called on. Mr. Morris returned to town yesterday.

Jas. M. Lappin, of Buffalo, spent Easter holidays with friends in Napanee and left for Scranton on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Caton, of Thorpe, were visiting friends in Napanee on Tuesday.

Mr. A. E. Lang and Warner Lang left for Toronto on Tuesday after visiting friends in Belleville and Napanee for one month.

Miss W. Templeton left for Belleville on Tuesday to visit friends.

L. L. Gallagher, Guy Simmons, Wesley Parrott, Ruggles Storms, Miles Martin, Frank Jackson, Milton Parrott, and a number of others from Wilton were in Napanee on Tuesday, attending the suit of Wellington Babcock vs. Isaac McEwan.

Geo. W. Shibley returned to Napanee on Tuesday after a 5 months visit with friends in Providence, Rhode Island.

Mr. Robt. Samson, of Kingsford, was in town on Thursday and favored us with a call.

Capt. and Mrs. Holmes returned from New York last Saturday.

A. E. Lang, of Toronto, was calling on friends in Kingston last week.

Harry Scott, of Montreal, arrived in town yesterday.

## BIRTHS.

HEMSTREET.—At Napanee, on the 12th inst., the wife of Wesley M. Hemstreet of a daughter.

## MARRIED.

LOWRY-RICHARDSON.—At Kingston, on Tuesday, by the Rev. J. E. Starr, Chas. E. Lowry to Miss Ella Richardson, both of North Fredericksburgh.

RAYMOND-ALLISON.—By the Rev. G. S. White, at Piety Hill, Napanee, April 13th, 1898, Albert S. Raymond, of Richmond, to Minnie E. Allison of the same place.

PLUMLEY-MILLER.—By the Rev. G. S. White, Piety Hill, April 20th, 1898, Arthur Plumley of Napanee, to Alice Miller, of the same place.

## DEATHS.

SMITH.—At Kingston, on Tuesday, Arthur M. Smith, aged 23 years.

ROOT.—At Napanee, on Saturday, Herbert Root, aged 17 years and 7 months.

Geo. Harrison inflicted a severe wound on his foot on Tuesday by stepping on a rusty nail.

A meeting of the Curling Club will be held in Herrington & Warner's office on the 25th inst.

The first consignment of spring cheese was shipped from Napanee yesterday. It was the product of the Selby factory.

Mr. John Fralick's horse took fright at a bicycle last week and ran away. The rig and harness were damaged considerably.

The Campbell House changed hands this week. Mr. Geo. W. Waggott disposing of his interest in the house to Mrs. Colton.

The marriage of Sylvester Byrnes, of Tamworth, and Miss Lizzie Kinlin, of Tweed, is announced to take place next week.

Coughs, colds, pneumonia and fevers may be prevented by keeping the blood pure and the system toned up with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Argyll lodge No. 212 and Napanee lodge No. 86, I. O. O. F., will attend divine worship in the Presbyterian church on Sunday morning next.

SICK HEADACHE, however annoying and distressing, is positively cured by LAXA-LIVER PILLS. They are easy to take and never gripe.

Chas. Godwin, an eighteen year old Barnardo home boy, died at the Kingston hospital this week from abscess of the brain. He worked for H. M. Denoeche, Q. C., and left Napanee to enter the hospital on Saturday.

William Preston, aged 42 years, a well-to-do farmer of Ernestown township, died at the Kingston general hospital on the 14th inst., of typhoid fever. He leaves a wife and a large family, and two of the sons are now in the hospital with the same dread disease.

Go to R. Lawson's meat market for prime fresh beef, pork, veal, lamb and all kinds of salted meat. Home-made sausage and all kinds of poultry in season, fine sugar cured hams and English breakfast bacon, always on hand. Prices to suit the season.

Warner & Warner appear for the plaintiff and G. F. Ruttan for the defendant.

Johnston vs. Dulmage.—An action for costs. McIntyre and McIntyre for plaintiff, Deroche & Madden and Miller and Sims, of Berlin, for defendant.

Benn vs. Perry.—An action for slander brought by Stover Benn against Wm. L. Perry. G. F. Ruttan for plaintiff, and Herrington & Warner, for defendant.

Bicknell vs. the Grand Trunk Railway.—This is an action brought by R. F. Bicknell for damages sustained by him in the lamentable railway accident at Lansdowne last fall in which Dr. Wray lost his life. Mr. Bicknell claims \$30,000 damages. Barwick, Aylsworth and Franks appear for the plaintiff, and John Bell, Q. C., of Belleville, for the G. T. R.

## NON JURY CASES.

Cassidy vs. Morrow.—An action for illegal distress. This action was tried at the assizes here a year ago, when a verdict was given for the plaintiff, but a new trial was granted. G. F. Ruttan for plaintiff, and D. H. Preston, for defendant.

London Mutual Insurance Co. vs. Snider.—An action for an account of G. W. Snider's dealings with the company etc. Meredith, Cameron and Co., for plaintiff's, Thos. B. German for debt.

Brewer vs. Conger.—An action on a mortgage. Deroche & Madden for Plaintiff, W. G. Wilson for debt.

Lemons and oranges 15c. a doz. at J. F. Smith's.

A pesetas is a Spanish silver coin, of the value of 19 cents.

Pictou harbor will probably be dredged during the coming summer.

Adam Ming, Travers City, Mich., is the guest of his brother, Dr. Ming.

John Ward, brother of Dr. Ward, has been elected mayor of Brookfield, Missouri.

Napanee, Union and Croydon cheese factories commenced operations this week.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver tonic. Gentle, reliable, sure.

Mrs. Kelly, mother of Sam Kelly, carter, died yesterday at her residence on Water street.

Mrs. John L. Skinner passed away at Camden East last week after a lingering illness.

It is Edward Madigan, of Camden, not James Madigan, as stated in last issue, who is the petitioner against the return of James Reid, M. P. P.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the counsel in an agricultural case, "there were 36 hogs in that lot—thirty-six, I want you to remember that number—36 hogs—just three times the number that there are in the jury box." And no wonder that he lost his case.

The latest statistics of the various branches of Methodism throughout the world show 48,428 ministers, 100,824 local preachers and 7,087,327 members. The total number of adherents must be 25,000,000. Sixty years ago there were 4,478 ministers and 1,049,401 members.

Two hours of fun and instruction, 100 scenic wonders of the world by the famous W. E. Ramsay. He was brought back to Deseronto a few weeks ago and played two nights to crowded houses. Wednesday and Thursday 27th and 28th in Opera House in aid of Napanee Football Club. Plan at J. J. Perry's.

## DRESSING WELL

Is Quite Easy When You Know How to Do It.

There are too many women who are careless about their home-gowns. They imagine they are thrifty and economical because they put on from day to day a faded or dingy dress or shirt. Such women are neither economical or wise; they are either misers or indifferent to the feelings of their family and friends when they act thus.

At an expense of from 10 to 20 cents for one or two packages of Diamond Dyes any woman can make her faded gowns or skirts as good as new. This kind of home work is wisdom and true economy.

This spring thousands of wise and thrifty women are using the Diamond Dyes, giving new life to old and cast-off dresses and costumes, fitting them for another season's wear.

When you decide to dye, do not risk your materials with poor dyes or imitations of the Diamond Dyes; see that your dealer gives you the "Diamond" that work so

Centre and Robert streets. It was referred to the street Committee.

The ratepayers on the west side of East street petitioned to have the old drain re-opened as it was blocked up. The matter was referred to the Street Committee.

A communication from Elikim Huff re dog tax was referred to the Court of Revision.

The Street Committee recommended that the walk from Trimble's corner to Mr. H. Lane's on Thomas street be built. They further recommended that the tender of the Rathbun Co., for plank be accepted. The report was adopted.

The matter of securing cedar stringers was referred to the street committee.

A petition for a walk outside the trees on the north side of Thomas street between John and Centre streets was received. The prayer of the petitioner was granted.

The Poor and Sanitary committee reported an expenditure from the 5th to the 16th of April of \$22. This included \$12 for the keep of Mrs. Wood in the house of Providence, Kingston. The old lady is 98 years of age and is sinking fast so it is said.

Chief Adams presented his report for the quarter ending 31st of March, showing that 29 cases had been disposed of and that there was now due the town for fees and criminal justice expense \$24 70. The report was filed.

## ACCOUNTS.

Ben Johnston.....	\$12 66
Thos. Fox.....	9 50
John Chatterton.....	19 00
Jas. Baldwin.....	40
A. W. Grange.....	48
Night Watchman Perry.....	12 00
Thos. Murdoch.....	1 50
S. Kelly.....	50
J. J. Woodcock.....	1 00

The treasurer was granted a voucher for \$14 20.

It was decided to hold the Court of Revision on the 27th of May.

The street committee was instructed to make inquiries into the rebuilding of the walk on Roblin's Hill. The walk is in a very dangerous condition.

Lamps. Lamps. The largest assortment and without doubt the finest lamps in town. They are worth looking at if you don't buy. BOYLE & SON.

Yarker is elated over the breaking of the man eating horse of Pittsburgh. For six years this horse has successfully resisted all efforts to domesticate it. A. A. Connolly is now driving the terror double.

W. B. Fralick, a Detroit traveller, attempted to commit suicide at St. Joseph, Mich., on the 13th inst., by shooting himself with a revolver. It is believed he comes from Napanee. He will die.

Sick Headache Subsides. "I have been troubled with Sick Headache for over a year. Lately I have used Laxa-Liver Pills and find they help me more than any other medicine I have ever taken. They do not gripe, and leave no ill effects."

MARY ELLEN HICKS.

South Bay, Ont.

W. E. Ramsay in the Opera House Wednesday and Thursday 27th and 28th, in his latest superb entertainment consisting of scene, song and story, illustrated by a powerful moving picture machine. Popular prices, 10c 20c and 30c. Plan at J. J. Perry's drug store.

It is evidently intended to make the Kingston penitentiary a place of punishment with all the meaning of the word. After having deprived the convicts of their tobacco supply, the order has gone forth that they be further deprived of sugar for their tea and butter for their bread.

Wellington Babcock, of Wilton, had Isaac McEwan, of the same place, before Police Magistrate Daly on Tuesday, charged with unlawfully detaining a letter entrusted to him to deliver. McEwan elected to be tried at the assizes, and was allowed his liberty on furnishing bail.

Sidney Davy, of Bath, died on Sunday morning after a prolonged illness, growing out of an injury received while catching sheep last summer. He recently underwent an operation at the Kingston hospital but it was of no avail. He was 43 years of age and unmarried. His sister, Miss M. Davy, a trained nurse from Boston, was in attendance upon him during his last illness.

The following are the officers elect of the Sons of Temperance, Napanee Division, No. 87, for the ensuing year: W. P., Alex. Carr; W. A., Fred Arnold; B. S., Chas. D. Eygel; A. B. S., J. C. Brown; E. S., Mrs. O. W. Conway; Treas., M. B. Mills; Chap., Rev. Parker; St. P. W., Mrs. E. J. Eygel; Cond., Fred Wagar; Asa. Con., J. F. Fish; O. S., Miss T. Seal; O. S.,

Ossesa, 10.30 a. m. Matins with celebration of Holy Eucharist. Thorpe School House, 10.30 a. m. Matins with Sermon.

Only about half a score of people faced Firman McLure, M. P., at the Brisco opera house on Sunday afternoon last and Mr. McLure did not deliver his lecture in consequence. At the close of the services in the Western church on Sunday evening Mr. McLure gave a short address on the Plebiscite, handling the question in a masterly manner.

The Canadian Star Concert Company appeared at the Brisco opera house, on Wednesday night to a small but particularly appreciative audience. The inclement weather no doubt kept many from attending. Miss A. Warnot, the talented soprano, proved a prime favorite, and Miss Teresa McCallum's recitations were much enjoyed. Miss Annie McKay's selections on the piano were well rendered and much appreciated.

There arrived at the general hospital from Napanee to-day (Wednesday) an aged negro suffering from a vital affliction. He gave his name as James Taylor, but could not definitely say whether he was seventy-eight or ninety-five years of age. He was born a slave in South Virginia, and since liberation he has toiled hard and honest for a living. He is now comfortably located in the Sampson Ward.—Kingston Whig.

Pink Pills are good for pale people but they are evidently bad for dusky dogs. The other day in Brookville a big black dog walked into the pink pill factory and without any regard to how many boxes might be required to cure his ailment, he feasted on them until his appetite was satisfied. Then he went home and died. If he hadn't it would have been another miracle to add to the long list already published about this celebrated medicine.—Ex.

A. S. Kimmerly just received a mixed car of Leamington and southern sweet ensilage corn. Keewatin flour cheaper again, try our flour at \$2 40 per 100. Lemons, 15c per doz. Salt Herring 15c per doz. Good Tobacco 35c per lb. 3 Havana cigars, 10c. Hood's and Ayer's Sarsaparilla, 85c per bottle. Douglas' Egyptian Liniment 20c per bottle. R. ready relief, Perry Davis' painkiller and electric oil, 20c per bottle. Dr. Pierce's favorite prescription, Paine's celery compound, 85c per bottle. Dr. Williams' pink pills and Dodd's kidney pills 40c per box.

## The Curtain Was Down.

A party of countrymen were in town enjoying the sights. At last they came by one of the theaters in the Strand.

"Suppose we go in," said one.

"Better see how much it is first," said another.

After inquiring the price of admission they decided to send one of the party inside to see whether it was good enough or not. After remaining for some time the delegate returned.

"How is it?" asked one.

"No good. A lot of fellers fiddlin in front of a big pictur'. Come on."—Strand Magazine.

## Irrevocably.

The man who borrows trouble generally gives his happiness as security.—Richmond Dispatch.

The Roman catacombs are 580 miles in extent, and it is estimated that from 6,000,000 to 15,000,000 dead are there interred.

The mean summer temperature of New York city is about 74 degrees, that of Liverpool about 59 degrees.

## WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE.

The Great English Remedy.

Six Packages Guaranteed to promptly and permanently cure all forms of Nervous Weakness, Emotions, Spasmodic, Asthma, Impotency and all effects of Abuse or Excesses, Mental Torment, excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants, which soon lead to Infirmary, Incontinence, Consumption and an early grave. Has been prescribed over 35 years in thousands of cases; is the only Reliable and Honest Medicine known. Ask druggist for Wood's Phosphodine; if he offers some worthless medicine in place of this, inclose price in letter, and we will send by return mail. Price, one package, \$11 six, \$5. One will please, six will cure. Pamphlets free to any address.

The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Sold in Napanee by all responsible